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ON A PORTRAIT.

AT seventeen she grew between
His gaze and some Old World romance :
A face—seductive and serene
As all that old romance may mean—
With dark eyes waking from a trance.
At seventeen.

At twenty-one no song might run
More sweetly than his longing leapt
To her—whose loveliness begun
For him all song beneath the sun—
With eyes of brown whose laughter slept.
At twenty-one.

At thirty-two no dreams would do ! —
He loved this daughter of the South,
Whose eyes of blue his fancy drew,
What time the battle bugles blew
To dash him on the cannon's mouth.
At thirty-two.

Madison Carwein.



CERAMICS.

CHINA painting has become so much the rage that all classes have taken hold of it, from the school-girl to the gay society woman, and even our grandmammias are proud of their raised paste. Days were dull before the new order of things began, namely, the process of giving to our china that fine tint, the Royal Worcester and Doulton colors. Paste work is tedious, but when done smoothly and with fine lines, it enhances the beauty of the cup or vase it is on. Original scroll work is not acquired, but rather a talent. It requires practice and a steady hand to round the curves, and also an artistic eye, hence late suppers, fine wines, and small hours are not conducive to china painting. How amusing to watch some of the new scholars! They generally enter the room with a dash and all dressed in silks and laces and flowers. "Have you ever painted before?" is the question asked. "Oh, yes, and I use the bright gold, too, and it fires just beautifully, and I paint butterflies and fish and grapes," and so on. This young woman finds in time that bright gold is not so fine after all, but looks glaring and cheap by Couley's gold, that butterflies are not artistic on dinner plates, and so in time changes her tactics and her taste. Then the pretty little school-girl takes lessons; she thinks she can begin on the largest vase for mamma's parlor, and a dozen plates for auntie, and finish them in a week, and when she is told to rub out that bunch of flowers, and take off the raised paste, she gets very tired and believes it makes her head ache,

and believes dancing is nicer, and then wonders why she can't learn to paint like you. The best teacher in this country is Mrs. Annie Leonard, originally of Louisville. Mrs. Leonard has made a study of china for years; she has visited the largest cities and always been classed with the most original and artistic teachers in America. A chocolate set she has completed for the World's Fair is done with the most minute detail. The color is the softest, smoothest blue, and the raised paste is beautifully chased, and reminds one of the finest spider web. The figures are fine in color and recall that rare work one sees in the Dresden portraits. Years ago when pottery was in its infancy the ware was of the crudest type. Great, thick, awkward cups and plates were used. They were heavy to lift and easily broken. The kilns were big ones, and when the articles were stacked, the oven was fastened securely and sealed, and then afterwards had to be broken open before the piece could be removed. Now the smallest kilns are made, small enough to use in a studio, and artificial or natural gas, either, can be burned. The natural gas gives the best firing, but wears the kiln out quicker.

Little is known of ancient pottery, except what is written in the Old Testament. After the flood it is known that mankind first settled in Asia, so there it is we find art and science from its infancy. These people learned to carve figures not only in clay, but upon gold and silver also, and learned the art of painting. In all the grand triumphal marches we read of the urns carried by beautiful maidens, golden basins borne in the arms of youths, vases of perfume, cuirasses gigantic in size, flagons, ewers and all the vessels required in those gilded ages to grace the conqueror's pageant. In ancient times clay was kneaded with the hands and trampled by the feet. Modern manufacturers prepare it by grinding it between mill-stones. Porcelain differs from pottery by being translucent. The potter's wheel is full of poetry and as graceful as "the rhythm of a dance." How expert these men are as they attune their vessels to the shapes their rapid fingers suggest! In Egypt we find many specimens of pottery, some of coarse brown clay and molded by



hand ; others less heavy and lighter in color are made with care and by the aid of the wheel. Enamelled clay was brought to perfection in Egypt, and plaques of different colors are found there, and a number decorate the great Step pyramid at Sakkara. The finest clay is, we find, deposited by the Nile, but was used very little by the Egyptians as they considered it "too fat" and it would break off in firing. Had they combined the native clay with it, these people would have been better rewarded. In Babylonia and Assyria we find literary records made on clay, and this makes the MSS. imperishable. At Rhodes a number of pottery of all description is found in the tombs, and it resembles Egyptian pottery closely. England and France in the eleventh century turned out a quantity of pottery, but it was crude in shape and frail in consequence, so little is left down to the present time. England's domestic pottery was the commonest during the early centuries. John Dwight improved the manufacture of pottery and discovered the secret of transparent porcelain. Some of his receipts for porcelain exist, but his valuable specimens are lost. Josiah Wedgwood, descendant of an old Staffordshire family, spent years in the study of modeling clay. During his life the discovery of Pompeii and Herculaneum was made, and he endeavored to imitate the Greek and Roman antiques. He failed to copy them, but produced a style of his own which was expensive but praiseworthy. His figures look like enamel, and were graceful and difficult to execute. In Mexico and Peru the pottery dates back centuries. Many models were found in tombs of chiefs. Their pottery was grotesque and modeled in hideous forms, half-man, half-monster. Some were more graceful in shape and more skill required to form them, and here it is we find the potter's wheel in use. In the history of Chinese porcelain they claim the oldest date. Not much reliance can be placed in this race of people as they forged trade-marks and copied ancient styles. A beautiful sky blue article, thin in texture and producing a clear ring when struck, is found in small quantities, but valued so highly by these people that they are as priceless as jewels. The Japanese are more graceful in their designs, while the Chinese know little of the beauties of the human form. The Chinese are expert and quick at work, but their ware is feeble when compared to more serious pottery. Animals and birds the Japanese are remarkable for. The Satsuma ware is considered the richest in detail ever produced. It is white, with miniatures executed in fine enamel colors and also fine gold patterns. Little of this precious ware is left ; only poor imitations are made now. The Japanese, like the Chinese, have little idea of form. Their paintings have a symbolic meaning.

Among them are the tortoise, the crane, the fir-tree, plum and the bamboo, all meaning longevity. In Florence porcelain first existed and specimens are retained to prove this. It was called Medici porcelain; afterwards it was manufactured in St. Cloud, France. It is a pure white, fine and molded in different styles. Sevres comes to us from the time of Louis XIV., who encouraged art, and he became a partner in the business. This ware was manufactured in the town of Sevres. The figures on Sevres are unsurpassed in detail and softness. It requires technique and great skill and resembles miniatures on ivory. This country can boast of specimens of the lightest china, namely, the Belleek. It is so thin it looks like an egg-shell, is a decided cream, finished with the finest glaze, and is so light a breath of air would upset it.



The durability of some china is remarkable. Several years ago in Virginia a house burned, destroying everything. In the ruins, however, were found three little tea-cups with their flowers gone, but perfect in their shape, and strong enough still to use. I have in my possession an old-fashioned cup plate. It is over a hundred years old and has been used constantly, and the gold remains on it faintly to this day. Gold varies as distinctly as colors. Couley's stands ahead. It can be used over the paste and fires a bright, rich color. This gold looks well over color, and is the most durable on handles, and on edges of plates.

The Rookwood pottery in Cincinnati is a study of art. It is indeed interesting to go through the building and watch the different processes of work. First you see the clay in its natural form; then next the manner of mixing and molding. Even after the first firing it remains in its natural color. Artists do fine work then. They paint flowers, animals and figures. Several other firings follow, and the subjects improve under each process, and one looks with pleasure at the pictures under the glaze. One very handsome vase, among other varied pieces, will be exhibited at the World's Fair. This piece is decorated in large graceful flowers so life-like that you can almost imagine the perfume is there, too.

On the Southern sea-coast, in a little picturesque town, stands a dilapidated old house owned by a tall, black-eyed, lean, lank man with a ferocious beard of extending length. Still this

potter is proud of his pottery shop and his goods. As you enter behold over the door in bold letters the words, "Eat, drink and be merry, and keep your hands in your pockets." This potter is wise, for there were more broken goods there than whole ones. This man has the most unique shop I have ever seen; no two pieces alike; the cups were all too big for the saucers, and never a handle on a pitcher that was not cut bias. Once every six months this artist fired. When at work his attention was directed exclusively to his guests and not to his wheel, hence the unshapely wares he produced. A visitor would be required to make a drawing of a tea-set or plate for an order, which would be done with the greatest possible labor and care, but when taken to be copied the drawing must have been misplaced, for every cup and saucer in the shop had the same shape and undoubtedly the exact model as the set made to order. I believe this untutored potter was only polite in his requests. This odd genius is still plodding along and he may be getting rich, for everything was marked a good price and broke within the shortest possible time.

Miniature painting is trying on the eyes, but it repays the worker after all, if work is done with ardor. A very slow way is to use a lancet to pick out the color, and also to shade. The picking has to be done with a magnifying glass, and patience is practiced largely. One feels like a veritable surgeon when working on the portrait of a friend when the lancet is applied. Miniatures are certainly laborious, and decorative art is easier on your temper and your back.

A pathetic little incident happened some years ago in Paris. A young girl painted a large and beautiful plaque with a great amount of care. She was six months accomplishing it, but when completed, she felt doubly repaid for her perseverance. All of her companions crowded around to admire and congratulate the artist. Whether it was the excitement of the hour or an evil spirit, as fate would have it, she leaned against the table her precious treasure was on, and in doing so gave it a slight push, and down came the plaque with a crash, breaking in three pieces as it fell. There was an awful lull, and then realizing what sorry luck had befallen her, the miserable girl sat down on the floor and wept.

Many a worker in pottery has had mishaps to some highly prized creation of her fingers and her art, by accidents as simple as the swish of a dress—and has seen her labors turn to scattered bits, which tears from a woman's eyes can not mend—however soothing to her feelings.

The process of mending is fine and scarcely a line can be seen

when it is well done. Spots can be erased by taking a sharp pointed knife and applying sapolio and water carefully. It requires some time, but the color will finally disappear. Hydro-fluoric acid will remove paint that has been fired, but only chemists or a person who understands this dangerous drug should attempt it. Blindness follows if the acid comes in contact with the eyes, and it affects the lungs if inhaled. Hence, far better not to trifle with this chemical, but buy another piece of china and repaint it.

An interesting story will go to show that drawing is the A B C of this art. There was once a beautiful girl who lived in one of the Southern States. She supported herself by fancy work, which was her only means of support. She worked fine stitches and shaded well the variegated silks. Then she branched off and tried to make original designs. One day, tired in mind and heart, she laid aside her embroidery and went to the window. As she looked out in the garden a beautiful cluster of pink rose-buds met her gaze. She stood for a single moment refreshed at the sight of such form and color. Then she returned for her sewing, seated herself once more by the open casement, drew that bunch of flowers, worked it up almost life-like, and awoke to the fact that she had a talent, and it was drawing. Lessons were taken, her sketches were admired, and her genius acknowledged. Soon afterwards she left for the East, and finally learned china painting. This woman was beautiful and artistic, and a well-known philanthropist ordered an entire dinner set from her. When this was completed he invited a number of rich and influential men to dine. The china was extravagantly admired, and then the question "Where did you procure it; in Europe, I suppose?" True enough five or six orders were taken then and there, and now this woman has risen above all obstacles and has made a fine support for herself; so much for the inspiration of that rose garden that through her eyes awoke the susceptible talent.

It is interesting to see in the fort at St. Augustine sketches made by the Indians on the walls of the prisons. They are remarkable for correctness, and show a leaning towards art in the minds of these uncultured red men. Drawing and molding exists in all different minds and natures; even these aborigines have skill and latent talent, that will die unknown. In all Indian mounds pottery of all descriptions is found, thick and clumsy, but odd in shapes and sizes. This race attached much importance to their ware, and it was only when an Indian was high in rank, or possessed admirable qualities, that it was interred with his bones.

I once knew a curly-headed little girl who first showed talent in pottery when she was five years old, in the beautiful mud cakes she made down on the plantation near the creek bank. Then she rose above mud tarts and pies, and formed cups and saucers, and so on until she was older and wiser and turned her attention to finer art. She is living now, and is a conscientious worker.

In china painting, as in all art, there must be a good foundation laid. First find a teacher who understands drawing perfectly. If this is not done little can be accomplished; one may as well try to paint without brushes. It is in painting as in dancing: First learn your seven steps, and in time the courtesy will surely follow.

Mary Lee Harman.



BOB WHITE.

SHRILL and clear from coppice near,
A song within the woodland ringing,
A treble note from silver throat,
The siren of the fields is singing—
Bob—white !
And from the height the answer sweet
Floats faintly o'er the rippling wheat—
Bob—bob—white !

The alder flowers in snowy showers
Upon the velvet turf are falling,
And where they lie the soft winds sigh,
The while the fluted voice is calling—
Bob—white !
And far across the yellow grain
The wafted echo swells again—
Bob—bob—white !

The purple mist by sunbeams kissed
Drifts upward toward the morning's splendor ;
And through the haze of shaded ways
The vibrant lute pipes low and tender—
Bob—white !
And fainter, sweeter, softer grown
The answer on the breeze is blown—
Bob—bob—white !

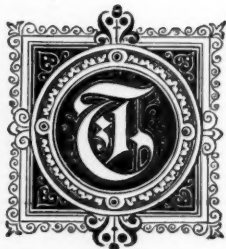
The shadows sleep in hollows deep ;
The dewy pawpaw leaves are thrilling ;
The silence broods o'er solitudes,
Unbroken, save one pure note trilling—
Bob—white !
So pure, so clear, so sweetly rare,
The answer steals upon the air—
Bob—bob—white !

O song of youth ! of love and truth !
Of mellow days forever dying !
Still through the years my sad heart hears
Your tender cadence sighing, sighing—
Bob—white !
And far across life's troubled ways
The echo comes from boyhood days—
Bob—bob—white !

Marion F. Ham.

ALAN.

I.



O a man of the world the purity of his life would have been as seductive as a dreamt-of sin. For the years wherein manhood is most gay, he had lived on the old plantation where the summers of his childhood had been spent. He loved the great gray-stone, half-feudal walls of his home set far back from the road, beneath the umbraged branching of native oaks. The dense sombreness of the place was fitting to his unvarying mood, and the lone walks where he strolled, accompanied by his Siberian mastiff Dante, harmonized with his melancholy imagination. Here he was freed from the scorn and ridicule of the world, and so fearful was he of the comment of men that he had chosen as his servants two male mutes, for he had sworn that no woman should enter on the place.

To his neighbors he remained a mystery. He desired to be alone, and he enforced its absolute respect. But why? As a companion he was thoroughly attractive. To a wondrous intellectuality was added a phenomenal memory; he was broad in culture, abreast of his age, free from narrowness. In conversation he was an artist. So mundane, too, that he seemed to breathe out worldliness. Exquisitely refined in taste, it came fully within his scope to indulge each fancy.

The four rooms which he occupied in the great dwelling were uniquely beautiful in design, saving his bedroom which was severely simple. Here, aside from the necessary oaken furniture, the sole ornament was a pastel portrait of a fair-haired, brown-eyed boy, luxuriating in cheeks that seemed bursting with a ruddy ensanguinement. It was a portrait of himself; one that had been finished but the day before the terrible accident which an unkind destiny had made more fatal than death.

It was thus it chanced. A wounded bird had sought a place to die on a cliff of stone that overhung a deep ravine filled with the tangled growth of bamboo, and budding grapevine which shot the air with its rapturous perfume. In an effort to rescue the bird he had fallen. For hours he lay insensible, and for weeks was he totally blind. In the after days of his recovery nothing was thought of the fall but that it was an inexplicable

escape from death. But the injury was deeper than medical skill was aware of. Gradually, to the accompaniment of a lancinating pain, which wrought the frank, sunny face to one of most repulsive appearing, his stature shortened. The injured spine was too weak to uphold the sublimated thought of his great brain, and in its sinking it had curved outward between the right and left scapula, forming such a horned bump as is seen in the portrayal of a Macbethian witch. At thirty, he was a pale hollow-eyed deformity, fearful to behold. Was it strange then that he kept before him the portrait of his youth with its splendid magnificence of promise? Yet in a glance it was heaven and hell, and the imaginings of what might have been were jostled by the acutely angled realization of what was.

II.

Of women he knew nothing. The close companionship of his mother and the idolatrous love which he had borne her were the two caryatids that supported his life. Thus had he reached his majority in a Christlikeness of purity, and the Carrara Andromache pedestaled in his library was not more chaste than he. Yet he thought of women, and thinking, wondered. From the psychological studies of them afforded by fiction and biography he had chosen the most plausible theorizations, and formed for himself an ideal woman. But in this formulation he was conscious that it was more conformative to the happiness of man to nurse an ideal, than to marry and in shattering a dream to show forth its emptiness.

For his agnosticism of personal love he was grateful. A lack of such knowledge made him an ataraxist. In a life so isolated as his own, his only recreation was a study of humanity and its passions, and the conclusion that he reached was that all passion was insincere. He reasoned that it was impossible for the entity of man to entertain any emotion that was lasting; the conflict of life between man and man was too tense for absolute truth. Thus he concluded that passion the strongest, and love the divinest, emotion of man must suffer. To him there was no sincerity, and that man who like himself lived apart from the world was alone sincere.

Albeit so impersonal in love, he found it an interesting study. Once it had occurred to him to trace the evolution of romantic love. In Holy Writ he found no mention of it, and the literature, profane and true, of the ancient Greeks was only a subtle compounding of passion with the philosophy of Plato. Following

this embryonic spark, he delved into the literature of the dark ages, only to find that therein the position of woman was too slavishly subjective for romantic passion. An emergence from this befogged period evidenced Dante as the first apostle of romantic love, and the *Vita Nuova* as its gospel. The knowledge of this new force in man brought no pleasure to him. Rather did it lend an added gall, since like everything else of beauty in life, it was not for him. And yet if it should come in its burning, all-consuming force, taking possession of every fiber of his being, what would he do? Should he dare speak only to have it scornfully rebuffed, or let it remain hidden in an inarticulate feeling? This thought more than all others preyed upon him, and he analyzed it to its source, trusting to find some remedial counter-actant. Failing here, he undertook a psychic study of woman. Could he prove her, the inspiration of love, unworthy of it, his fears would likewise prove groundless.

Like a Titan refreshed by sleep he battled with the new problem. And in the first encounter he found himself baffled by woman's beauty. Was it possible, he questioned, that a creature of perfect beauty could be one of as perfect falsity? And she seemed so immeasurably superior to him; so lifted by the indwelling of love into a brighter being. His knowledge of her loveliness of face or form had been acquired in a manner that was consonant with all that he did. From time to time as he read of the appearance of some newer, noted beauty, he had procured colored photographs of her. In this way female ugliness was a negation to him, and woman stood as a synonym of supernal loveliness.

Before one of these pictures his æsthetic sense lay prostrate in worship whenever he looked upon her face of Oriental splendor. She had slain men with a nod, and concerning her he had read of unchaste actions. She had been wicked, and the best that could be said of her was that she was beautiful, and death had found her the mistress of refined vice. The thought came with the needle-pricking sensation of a strongly volted electric wire, yet it operated on the cataract of beauty-worship that veiled his mental sight to the true inwardness of woman. So from an incipient abhorrence of woman there grew an acknowledged hatred, and she finally became to him a creature made up of all that was vile in life.

III.

There were wintry winds whistling over the moors, stealing dampness from the lagoons, which blown against the glass made a delicate lace-work of frost. Within his room, unable to sleep, Alan had arisen and sat before the glowing coals of a wood fire, into which he made an occasional toss of a resinous pine-knot that, flaring with flame, threw his shadow in grotesque imagery on the wall. A dead branch that rattled in its fall attracted him, and he turned his head, thus catching sight of the shadow. It was the first time in months that he had seen his image, for in the rooms which he inhabited there was no vestige of mirror. With a startled cry of pain he recoiled, then, as if fascinated, he turned broadly upon the weird shadow.

"Is it I?" he soliloquized. "That terrible deformity silhouetted on the wall. So horrible. So inhuman. More satyr than man. A seeming spawn of hell, more devilish than the devil. Yet the religionists say there is a God of boundless mercy." Seemingly the thought displeased him, for he gave the laugh that Swinburne attributes to fiends. "Merciful! It is a hideous lie. If He is merciful, why am I what I am? What purpose could be served by making me as I must live, seemingly forever? Why was I created in the likeness of that beautiful portrait only to suffer this ignominious transformation?" Looking to the shadow, he crawled nearer to it. Pointing to it, in a thinner, more penetrating voice he shrieked: "Is it you, damned goblin, that drives me from all association with men. Yet it is not you but Him whom they call merciful. While dwarfing the body, why not have killed the brain that I might not have abhorred myself, and in abhorrence suffer an eternal sequestration? But, goblin, you have all man's passion. You can love, and have even dared to picture, in an imagination that is as dwarfed as yourself, the dream of an ideal woman."

As he fell forward, in his mental anguish burying his face in his folded arms, he was the similitude of a ball of breathing blackness. As the brain became more tortured, he writhed or wound in ophite curve along the white skin rug, respiring deep draughts of sorrow.

In a moment when, overcome by shuddering horror, he lay motionless, a sharp cry cut through the night air with the keenness of a sword. He lifted his head in listening intent. Later there came a moan as if wrung from some one in pain, and he went to the window that gave a view on the main entrance. As he glanced out he thought he must have slept, for the wind

no longer souged through the leafless trees, and the earth was sheeted with snow that made the moonless night faint with a light of dawn. Long did he gaze out, forgetful of the object of his coming, until the air was again midriffed by a human cry. He shuddered. Once only in his life had he heard so terrible a voicing of agony; that had been the scream of his mother when he was brought home after his ill-fated accident. Then it had come to ears enstuffed with the wool of semi-consciousness, but throughout the unbroken silence of his life he had remembered it. In dreams he would be awakened by it; in the garishness of day spirit voices would shriek it after him. All that he knew of another's despair was therein contained; and this one uttered half-way in the night was like unto it.

Cautiously lifting the sash, he knelt on a chair, peering out on the broad piazza. Below on the marble steps lay a woman, about and over whom the snow had fallen until she seemed robed in white fleece. Further out did he lean that he might see her, but her face was turned from him, half covered by her unbound hair.

"A woman," he exclaimed, lowering the window and what, he questioned, was she doing there? Her very presence on the steps made him indignant. Had not the outer gate been barred, and where was Dante that he had admitted her? Leaning on the table he debated whether to let her perish in the cold, or sacrifice his isolation and risk her ridicule by giving shelter for the night, and he decided on his first proposition. Afterwards, as he was calmly drifting into sleep, the low moan filtered in, followed by the deep bark of the Siberian dog; then in piercing distinctness there came a wild scream. With a bound he reached the floor and stood transfixed by the memory of that day when his mother had poured forth her sorrow.

It was but a momentary work to dress, and taking a lamp he went down the hall. Yet as he opened the bronze-buttressed oaken door, he hesitated again. Was it possible to break the sweet silence of ten years? Why not place the lamp in the hall, and retreat to his room? But he lingered, unconsciously advancing to the top step, holding the lamp so that the light fell fully on her, and she was beautiful with the beauty of a heathen goddess, and wearing the whiteness of the Andromache in the room beyond.

A further look and he hurried like a madman into the house, fast closing the door after him. A few minutes of self-consultation, and he tiptoed to where she lay. Going down two of the steps he knelt beside her. Far in a vanishing background were the pictured faces of woman's loveliness. Nothing that he had

ever seen of woman bore the full and perfect beauty of his silent visitor.

"I am so cold," she whispered, opening her eyes and speaking in a voice of such sweetness as seemed a strain of harmony subtly stealing into every fiber of his being. No answer did he make, but went up the steps. "He understands me," she murmured, and then, conscious of the darkening light, cried out: "Help me."

It was the first request that he had ever received to render physical aid to any one, nor had the bodily and mental torture that had been multiplied in years brought the suffering which he endured in the apprehension that he might be helpless to succor a suffering creature, and that one, a woman. To say, "I can not," and by directing her attention to himself leave all to her imagination, was an admission which he could not bring himself to utter; yet in strange contradictoriness he went forward to where she might see him. Then he essayed to join his strength with her own, and so get her within the house. But as he voiced his thought and received no reply, he questioned further. Still there was no answer, and he perceived that she had fallen into the stupor precedent on a death superinduced by cold.

He knew that there was no time to lose, and he started to procure aid from his mutes, but the thought came to him that their touch would be a desecration. Removing the snow from about her, he slowly, toilsomely drew her, half lifted, to a lounge within the hall, rolling it before the old-fashioned fireplace. But he knew that there was more to be done, and going into the dining-room he returned with a flask of brandy. Parting her purpled lips, he poured the fluid into her mouth, and taking the icy hands, rubbed them into warmth.

In fuller consciousness she turned her head in welcome to the fire light, holding out her hands towards it. Later he offered her his hand and led the way to the room that had been his mother's. For years no one but himself had entered it, and as he placed the lamp on the lacquered table, she stopped in the entrance in admiration of the rich, tasteful furnishing. On a brass stand, beneath a portrait, stood a bowl of roses; daily since the death of his mother he had placed them there.

"I hope," he said, going toward the door, "that you will not suffer from your terrible and imprudent exposure. You will find the room as if prepared for you. Good night."

They were words curt with a chiselled formality, and he turned to leave her, then re-entered the room to place the brandy within reach should she need it during the night. Backing from the room he halted at the door to look again upon her.

IV.

When he reached his room he threw himself biaswise on the bed, overcome by despair which later grew into self-resentment. What, he thought, if his deed had been nobler than his intention, where was the benefit to himself? Only a few steps removed slept a woman; in the morning she would see him, and should she entertain for him so obsolete a thing as gratitude, she would shudder at his horrible presence, and before her loveliness he would become more hateful to himself.

As he thought of her it was as though his imagination had but half uttered itself; it had never been focussed until he was face to face with this woman, and felt the champagne exhilaration which she afforded. Then closing his eyes, he centralized the rays of memory and worshipfully counted the rosary of her charms. Again he saw her as she appeared when in ecstasy her hands hovered caressingly over the rose-bowl. She was tall with the height that begets grace, and her movement carried a lascive, fawnlike delight, but her face was too perfect in chiselling to mean other than that her arteries of human kindness were iced, and with all their prayerful pleading her eyes were burning globes of passion.

He did not love her, yet he knew that now, if ever, he must love, while there was left an emotion which told that woman alone was the rose-leaved pillow of love. He feared, too, that love for him would be a momentary madness, and thus thinking he concluded that his meeting her was a mere episode in his life, else why had he paused in predetermined cold-bloodedness to analyze himself? Herein was he wrong, for all unconsciously that full, regular, splendid beauty had ensnared him; serpent-like it had coiled to strike added venom into veins that had long been full of life's bitterness. Perhaps there was a momentary feeling of this sort, for he clutched convulsively at his chest as though to tear out a heart that had grown consistent in its inconsistency.

In a moment of impulsive kindness the resolution of years had been thrown against the wall of an impenetrable fate, and he beheld it shattered at his feet. There was nothing to be done now; he had thrown his soul into the past, and in its vanishing he heard the rustle of a woman's robe between the breaths of a mocking laugh. Yet his eyes took on a brightness beyond their wont; in the dim, mist-kissed perspective of dawning thought he seemed to himself to see a star; as he gave wider range to his mind it came nearer to him, a grand light, a world-evolving

fire ; closer it approached in dazzling splendor, and as it reached its perihelion he clasped his hands in joy. That gathering light, escharotic to his brain, grand in its immensity as it whirled unto itself disjected atoms of memory, revealed more powerfully than he had ever known it before—a completed realization of the falsity of woman.

But a mental strain so tense proved the labor of reaction, and his thought turned from the woman to himself. Logical as he deemed his conclusion he wondered if he would have reached it had he been as other men. Chilled by the lancinating nerve of personal vanity, he went up to the portrait and drew aside the crimson portiere that shielded it from a too continuous garishness of light.

Never before had it seemed so real, and looking upon it, he felt over him the creeping sensation of one who, gazing on the dead, feels assured that they breathe. Unheeding the brightly-burning lamp, he crouched on hands and knees before the picture, then making a stealthy turn he crawled to his bed, drawing about him the silk curtaining that he might not see his pictured youth. But he did not sleep, and as he analyzed the cause of his cowardly retreat before an inanimate thing, the falsity of his logic overcame him like some wild burst of imprisoned light. It mattered not now that woman was false since she was lovable, but it was a draught from the waters of Marah to feel that in a room beyond lay she whom he loved. A beautiful woman who would scorn him.

V.

What sleep he had was quivering with chaotic dreams, and when he awoke the knowledge that he must see her again put to flight the late resolutions of courage, and he thought of her with a morbid hatred. As her host he must meet her again, and with the thought the corner of his mouth curved in scorn and a malicious twinkle came into his eyes. Going into a drawer he took out some pictures of notably beautiful women, ranging them before him for an earnest study, but as he looked upon them he was conscious that they did not afford him the pleasure they once had done. No one of these women, he thought, would have met his ideal woman—one who could be grand in her silence and dare all things for the man whom she loved.

When breakfast was served he went to her room, calling to her through the closed door. For some time there was no sound, then in sudden outburst he heard her talking excitedly, and as this would calm she would carol forth a line of some

ballad. Again he called, but she made no reply save to break forth in greater volubility, and, listening more intently, he heard her words dwindle into the indistinct articulation of the somnambulist. At least for a while longer he could enjoy his isolation, and smiling in welcome to the thought he retraced his steps to the library.

At noon she had not appeared, and again he went to her door, but in the room beyond there was the stillness of a becalmed sea. Could she still sleep? Was she dead? As he made the last query a frenzy whirled him out of himself and he sprang into the room; hearing the noise she awakened and audibly whispered:

"Is it you?"

"Yes," he answered, and looking to where she lay on the bed, its soft linen falling about her, he saw that her eyes wore the expression of one who has been rudely awakened.

"Why are you here?" she cried, raising herself to an upright position, an act that must have caused her exquisite pain, for the thin lips pressed tightly together. "Is it because I am helpless? I had hoped that a maid would come to me."

"You are the only woman who has entered this house in years." Then noticing that she fell wearily back on the pillow, he walked quickly to the side of the bed.

"Are you ill?"

"Yes, it is here." She spoke in a hurried voice, placing a hand on her chest. "Can't you do something for me?"

It was so piteous, that prayer for help, but he was more moved that in her eyes she manifested her dependence upon him. For a moment he waited, then as if to show his willingness to aid her, he spread over her the heavier covering which in her delirium she had thrown aside. A moment after he noticed that her lips had relaxed, her closed eyes opened gently, slowly, she spoke, but her words bore the incoherency of unconsciousness. For long she lay in the delirium of fever, her talk bearing chiefly on the future, and he, the constant watcher, could learn nothing of her past. In the days of convalescence, when she seemed as languorous as a waltz, as he sat reading or talking to her, he would furtively watch her. Yet it was but a negative happiness that came to him, for conscious of his love he could not voice it. In intensity of feeling it had become a beggar of speech.

"You have been very good to me," she said one morning. He had come in, bringing her a book, with the leaves of which she toyed as she lay before the fire. "It seems so strange to me, too, that compelled as I have been to remain in your home

for over two months, you have never questioned who I am. I do not mean my name, for I told you that, but of my life you know nothing. Has it never occurred to you that behind the woman whom you found on your doorstep there might be some terrible mystery?"

"I can not say that I have thought of it. Your life is your own, but that it fell to me to offer you any protection was a rare accident of happiness." He paused, conscious that he was not expressing himself as he would have done, and his sentences seemed to ring with stiltedness. "I found you, you were beautiful, and I—"

"You pitied me?" she interrupted, "ah, how I hate that word."

"You are harsh to yourself; I was not going to say that I pitied you."

"Perhaps not." She covered her face with both her hands, and he interpreted this as her desire to shield her sight from him, but as if reading the thought of his sensitive nature she hastily took them down. "Let me tell you something. I know men very well, and I know, too, what you would have said. But you are not going?"

"Yes, I only came in to bring you the book. Later, I will come back if you wish it."

He did not stop until he was midway in the forest to the rear of the house, and then perhaps only from exhaustion, for he had walked like a madman, and for the time he had been one. It had all come about as he had foreseen. That recent shielding of her face meant that she could not bear to look upon him. Her interruption but an insinuation that she would not listen to the declaration which he was about to make. Yet he wondered. Listen to what? Could she, with a woman's wit, have read his mind and used such precaution as would prevent his love-making? Perhaps, too, she felt that from gratitude she must accept him did he offer himself. Her own position she had made clear. Should he then force the opportunity to tell her of his exclusive, passionate, absorbing love? He knew that it was best not voiced, but the conception had been too sweet. He knew that in this love he was without definite purpose, he had not dared define his least wish concerning her, fearing that like the bubble on wine it would burst into nothingness. Yet, in all his thought of her he had the absolute humiliation which must characterize a great passion.

For this reason he had never presumed to think himself necessary to her life, but for himself, life in its most comprehensive sense lay in being near her; to hear her speak, to antici-

pate her desires, to watch her movements. The emotion that in more cynical days he had termed evanescent had come with a greater deliciousness of sensation and more subtle alchemy than it employed in reaching other men. In the superb height to which his joy exalted him he leaped into the sunlit path. Beyond lay Dante, his eyes fastened in apparent study on his master.

"My philosopher," he said, addressing the dog, "we have ever reasoned falsely." Stooping he made as if to caress the big tan-colored Siberian, but in the sunlight he spied his own horrible shadow, and he slunk backward with hands outstretched as if to put it from him. "Damned goblin," he shrieked, "I thought I had done with you, and you come again to put a period to my joy. Despite you I will be happy. Yes, happy, for it is something to know that love lives and that love is mine."

VI.

It was late when he returned. The lamps were lighted and he noticed that the light in her room was brighter than usual, and he saw her moving about therein. While he watched he felt as might a stranger in some great city, who through unblinded windows discerns a cordial companionship beyond and he was like unto the stranger. Beneath a cold, forbidding exterior, he found a heart that, begotten by love, glowed in warmth for his fellows. Wearied with himself, he turned toward the main door. Later, when seated in the library, he saw on the mantel a square envelope addressed to himself. As he read its contents, shadows of doubt chased over his face. He could not understand, and he hurriedly turned to the signature. It was her name. Was this a note to tell him that she was gone? A man less loving would have read on, but he went hastily into the hall, going softly to the door of her room. She was there, for he heard her singing, and he crouched near the door. Her song was of love, and, maddened by jealousy, he made his way back to the library. Taking up her note, he read:

"Do not misunderstand my motive in writing to you, nor yet brand me a coward that I write rather than tell you personally. The latter would be braver, I know, but it might bring sorrow to you, and I could not risk an expression of pain on your face.

"It can not be gainsaid that you have discovered that I am a woman of position, and hence you have wondered why I was found on your steps. The story is told in a few words. My

own parents are dead, and by the will of my father all of his estate went to my step-mother, to come to me at her death. When she married my father, she had a son by her former marriage, so to provide for him she used every artifice to bring about a marriage between that son and myself. I loathe him, and when I learned that steps were being taken to force upon me this disgraceful union with a man whom I did not love, I fled the house.

"Of the illness that followed, you know best, but now that I am recovered, I can not remain under your roof without the breath of calumny coming near me. Therefore I must go, but, believe me, I carry with me more gratitude than I can leave behind for your own unselfish kindness. I could wish that you had let me perish in the snow, for, having known you, my life will now be a sweeter, sadder thing."

There was a mist upon his eyes as he laid aside the note; the room was suffocating, and he stole out into the darkness of the night. Lifting his eyes, the mist-kissed night seemed enamelled with stars, and the glimmering gloom of the past had become rose-red. Going into the house he rang for a servant, sending her a note begging that she would see him. The maid, whom he had employed, brought her reply. It was but momentary, that look which, a few minutes after, he gave through the open doorway, but it summoned before him the æons of time which had been the silent witnesses of life wrought to a full completion by woman. Taking up her note he went out to meet her, and as he came nearer he threw it behind him, extending to her his hands.

"I love you," he murmured.

She could not believe that she heard aright. She had known that he loved her, but she had not dreamed that it would come to this. For answer, she took his hands, and as she leaned forward toward him, Dante, from his mat in the corner, with delicacy closed his eyes.

Heileman Wilson.



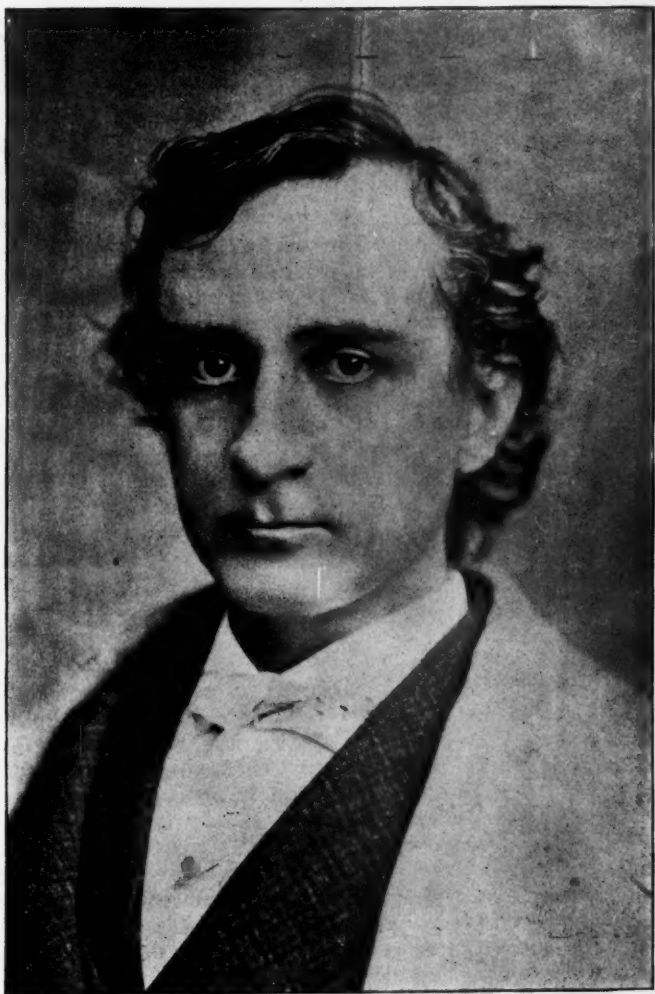
EDWIN BOOTH, THE LAST OF HIS KIND.

WITH the death of Edwin Booth there disappeared the greatest of the English-speaking actors of our day and the last tragedian who could be classed in the first rank. It is not necessary here to enumerate the causes which have served to terminate the illustrious line that commenced with Garrick and ended with Edwin Booth. We have had of late a class of actors who have made mere form the essence of a soulless art, while others have ignored such artificialities so completely as to disregard both taste and beauty, relying upon a sort of brutal strength that would only serve to make the judicious grieve. In Edwin Booth there was the strong personal individualism that used but was not controlled by the formalities of his art. He was the harmonious embodiment of nice artifice with what was emotionally strong and artistically true.

Only a few days ago another great actor died. But Murdoch had left the stage years before, and his name was only a dim tradition, so that Booth was the last of that great artistic family which embraced Garrick, Sheridan, the Keans, the Kembles, Macready, Forrest and the Booths. He was the last of his kind.

Edwin Booth was born in Maryland, November 13, 1833. He died June 7, 1893, in his sixtieth year. He was the fourth son of the greatest master of passion that the American stage—perhaps any stage—has ever known. His boyhood was probably not happy, but given over to the care of attendance on a father whose wild vagaries often bordered on madness.

In a sketch of Junius Brutus Booth written by Edwin, the son narrates that "chance, not predilection for the stage," determined his avocation in life. Yet we have, perhaps, had no finer illustration of the hereditary power to move men's hearts in a calling in which the law of heredity has been so frequently demonstrated. The father intended Edwin for the trade of a cabinet-maker. He seems to have felt a not unnatural disinclination to see his son follow in a career that had taxed his own powers so severely, and he probably regarded his triumphs as vapid and too dearly bought. He showed no great tenderness for Edwin in the latter's boyhood, yet seems to have found his presence almost necessary to him when he was acting. So it happened that when the lad should have been at school he was commonly accompanying his father on his tours, acting as his dresser and guardian, and laying up a curious store of knowledge and impres-



EDWIN BOOTH.

sions in that restless life. Among other things, he learned his father's entire repertory.

On September 10, 1849, he appeared on the stage of the Boston Museum as *Tressel*, to his father's *Richard III*. This, his first appearance, was the result of accident. The prompter, who also played the part, complained of being overworked and insisted that Edwin, then sixteen years old, should relieve him. The father gave the lad no encouragement and did not even leave his dressing room to note the boy's bearing on the stage. When the scene was over he asked his son: "Have you done well?"

"I think so," said the latter.

Then the elder said, "Give me my spurs," which he had loaned to the young man in order that the messenger might appear to have ridden from Tewksbury Field. The father resisted the son's further appearance, but occasionally Edwin played small parts. It was during his second season on the stage that on one occasion, his father being billed to play "Richard III." at the National Theater, New York, the elder Booth feigned illness, refused to leave his bed, and told his amazed son to go play the part himself. It was one of those reckless acts that so often nonplussed the friends of Junius Brutus Booth, who, however, in this instance probably desired to test Edwin's mettle. The latter took the message to the theater and was prevailed upon by the manager to make the experiment. It proved a success.

Booth played for a short time in a stock company in Baltimore, and in 1852 the Booths sailed for California by way of the Isthmus. After an unsuccessful visit, the elder Booth returned home, leaving his sons, Junius Brutus and Edwin, on the Pacific coast. The father died that same year. Probably the intimate association with a man of such erratic genius as that of the elder Booth helped to give to Edwin's character the somber tone which in after years enabled him to realize the perfect embodiment of "the melancholy Dane."

The California experience was full of vicissitudes and uncertain wanderings. He visited Australia and the Sandwich Islands, returning to California and thence making his way East. He played in Baltimore and Richmond, in the latter place under the management of Joseph Jefferson. It was here that he met Mary Devlin, whom he afterwards married. In April, 1857, he reached the turning point in his career, when in Boston he made a brilliant triumph as *Sir Giles Overreach*. In the following month he was heralded in New York as "the hope of the living drama." This engagement fixed his position on the

stage, which was eagerly awaiting the advent of some man to succeed those about to make their final exits.

In 1861 Mr. Booth made his first visit to London, appearing ill-advisedly as *Shylock*. His *Richelieu*, however, awoke the London public to his power, just as his engagement was closing. Early in 1863 Mr. Booth leased the Winter Garden Theater in New York, and then occurred some notable productions, the chief of which was "Hamlet," a great Shakespearean revival. It was while he was playing in Boston that he received the dreadful news of his brother's mad crime. This act is said to have cast a gloom over his whole subsequent life. He abandoned the stage for a time and only returned to it at the solicitation of the public. But on January 3, 1866, he reappeared at the Winter Garden Theater as *Hamlet*. His greeting was an ovation. The burning of the theater terminated a series of brilliant revivals, and Mr. Booth went on a tour. Returning to New York he erected what was then the noblest temple of his art that America had ever possessed. Booth's theater was opened February 3, 1869. Mr. Booth was *Romeo* and Mary McVicker, who became his second wife, the *Juliet* in a gorgeous production. The history of this theater—ill-fated as was the venture in a commercial sense—marked an epoch in the drama in America. Shakespeare's greatest plays were produced with a magnificence and scholarly regard for correctness of detail hitherto unknown. Shakespeare's texts were restored and the garbled acting texts repudiated. Financially the theater failed; artistically its influence is still felt in a heightened respect for the Shakespearean drama.

Of Mr. Booth's subsequent career it is scarcely necessary to speak. In England and in Germany his greatness has been fully accorded, and in his own land his name evokes affectionate memory and unqualified admiration for his great genius. Those who knew him, loved him, and all the world did homage to him.



In Edwin Booth was strongly illustrated the hereditary principle that has found so many notable examples on the stage. But in him this transmitted power was defined by a personality full of charm and interest. It is necessary that an actor should impress his personality upon his creations, as well as adapt himself to the characters he impersonates. Some one has marveled at the multiplicity and variety of the *Hamlets*, all of which appear reasonable and justifiable as we see each in its turn presented, though none of them, perhaps, is the ideal we



ourselves have conceived of the character. It is the personality of the actor that causes us to accept for the time being the particular representation before us. So, with Mr. Booth, although his repertory covered the widest range, and though in each impersonation there was the individual conceived in the mind of the dramatist, the spectator always felt the charm of that graceful presence, was always conscious of a reserve of thought and by-play of sentiment which was the half revealed mystery behind the spoken words. Both became lost in his characters, and when we saw his *Iago* or his *Don Cæsar*, we did not remember his *Hamlet* or his *Richelieu*, yet always the same subtle power was vivifying a different form. How wide was his range can be told in enumerating some of the characters he played: *Richard III*, *Hamlet*,

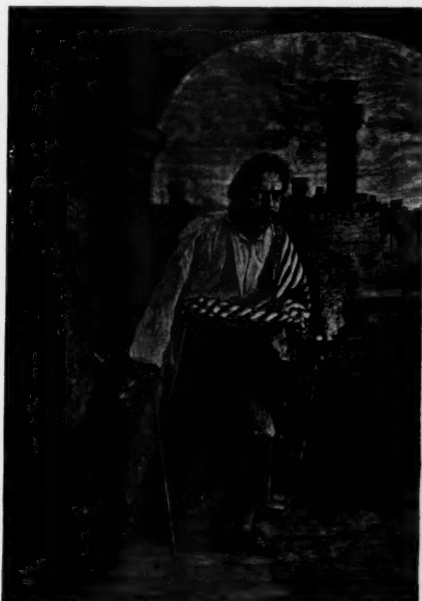
Shylock, *Lear*, *Richelieu*, *Pescara*, *Claude Melnotte*—these were some of his earlier parts. To that list he added *Othello*, *Iago*, *Bertuccio*, *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, *Brutus*, *Petrucio*, and others. The most brilliant comedy stood against the somber majesty of his *Lear* or the spiritual power of his *Richelieu*. Each character was as clearly cut and as sharply defined as though the actor were in fact the man he was impersonating. How sharply did the sinuous devilry of *Iago* contrast with the deep passion of the

Moor! With what irresistible activity did *Petrucio* tame the spirit of the shrew!

Booth's acting was a very complex thing, and he was greatest in those characters wherein he could display the spiritual part of his nature—"the gently thoughtful, retrospective habit of a stately mind," is the way one of his biographers describes it. He should have said introspective habit, as who that has seen his *Hamlet* will doubt? That was his greatest part, and his fame will rest upon that princely figure of the unhappy questioner. Who will forget its grace, its tenderness its bewilderment, and the strong undercurrent of human love that made the heart swell with pity for the gentle spirit that would feign have been at peace? The sad melody of his voice sounds softly upon the memory as he speaks the lines:

"There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?"

A man who has touched with loving hand the memory of this great actor used to be his frequent host. In a room, littered with books and old prints, a big dog shared with the guests the fire-warmth on those comfortable Sunday afternoons. For the most part those who assembled there were loquacious and eager, and violent gesticulations with a pipe-stem might emphasize an argument. But there were the conservative influences of the sedate St. Bernard, of a dear old lady whose stiff and antiquated silks rustled in dignified reproof, and of a man who rarely spoke, but whose presence was recognized with a sort of religious everence. Men who wrote and men who painted, some of



them already famous and others aspiring to fame, used to come there for the quiet hour of Sunday, and they were free to say what came to their minds; but they deferred always to the grave, gentle friend who smoked his long-stemmed pipe in the stiff, wooden chair by the table, and who spoke seldom, though we felt his sympathy and knew his generous mind was responsive to the discourse. A picture of the scene has hung in my memory these many years. It was the only glimpse I ever had of the great actor off of the stage. For the rest, I saw him as all the world saw him, but always he is to me that quiet smoker by the chimney-side.

Morton M. Casseday.

THE KING AND THE FOOL.

THE night King Arthur climb'd the dismal stair
 At Camelot (forsaken by his queen,
 And by his knights, without a hope to lean
 His grief upon, or comfort his despair)
 About his feet within the darkness there
 A Voice clung with low words and sobs between—
 "Lo, Dagonet, thy fool, weeps here unseen,
 Who nevermore a smile shall make thee wear!"

* * * * *

Alas! for him who climbs the dismal steep
 Of life alone—who must endure the pain
 Of an o'erloving heart whose trust was vain—
 To whom a Voice comes from the shadows deep;
 "Lo, I am Love, thy poor fool, and I weep
 Because I ne'er shall make thee smile again!"

Lucile Rutland.

HEAR YE A PARABLE.

IN separate fields lying side by side worked a man and a woman. The dew and freshness of the dawn were upon them; the yellow sunlight of the early morn fell like a glory over them; the leaves of the trees in the neighboring groves rustled and whispered together in the soft breeze of the spring-time; the violets in the fence corners mingled their delicate fragrance with the sweet odor of earth freshly upturned by the plows—and their work was not toil, and their hearts were light, and the smiles in their eyes were beautiful to behold.

He was broad of shoulder and brawny of arm, and he whistled a gay tune as he plowed, and flashed many a bright smile at his neighbor. She was slight of figure and fair of face, and the bloom on her lips and cheeks, as well as her curving bosom, betokened the early dawn of womanhood. Her deep eyes returned his smile brightly, shyly, steadfastly.

Presently he spoke: "Maiden, thy form is very frail," he said, "why toilest thou in the fields of men?"

"It has been given me to do, and while my body is doubtless weak, my hope is high and my heart is strong, and my spirit knows no fear," she made answer as she passed on.

Again they met. "Thy hands are white and small; fitter are they to gather flowers in the groves than to labor in the fields."

"But they are busy hands," she said, "and have no time to gather the blossoms in their bloom."

"They will grow brown under the rays of the noonday sun, and hard from grasping the plow."

"But they are helping hands," she answered, "and there is yet much beauty in the strong hands of duty." And again they went their ways.

He watched her till they met once more. "Saidst thou thy heart is strong? Though my own spirit is brave my heart beats very uncertainly; give me of thy vitality," he said. So she gave him a drop of her heart's blood, and smiled tenderly ere she passed on. And thereafter, as often as they greeted, so often did she give him of her heart's red blood. A brooding tenderness gathered in her eyes as she worked, and the song on her lips was softer, but not less sweet. The while *his* careless smile grew brighter, and his whistle became a merrier mockery of the birds.

"Oh, thou man-woman," he said as they met again, "art thou not grown weary yet?"

She paused and a look of sadness passed over her face. "Why callest thou me 'man-woman?' Saidst thou not my form was frail, and am I not very much a woman?"

"Outwardly, yes," he replied, as he took another drop of her crimson blood, and his smile had the dazzling brightness of a diamond; "but surely thou art a man-woman, else thou couldst not plow such straight, deep furrows in the fields of men."

Her eyes grew sad but steadfast. "I have enough iron in the blood and courage in the heart and strength in the soul to endure whatever burdens may be laid upon me," she said with some of the arrogance of youth.

As she turned away he smiled to see that his words had touched her. "Truly," he mused, "a woman's heart is a harp of a thousand strings; I may not learn to draw forth divine harmonies from it, I may never even tune it in sweet accord, but I can at least sweep the strings to discord—while it amuses me."

The hot sun beamed more fiercely on the unshaded field, and the song left the maiden's lips, and the light darkened in her eyes; yet her feet never flagged and her heart never faltered. Many times she came to the end of the furrow, sometimes not speaking, but always raising her eyes to meet the smile of her neighbor, and giving him a tribute of the crimson tide of her life. And the gift steadily diminished her own strength, but never her courage.

"Must thou labor all the long day through?" he said kindly.

"I think so," she replied.

"Even to the set of sun?"

"Till the last beam fadeth," she made answer.

"How dost thou bear the burden and heat of the day, the fiery rays of the sun at its meridian, and the still more fiery darts of the sons of men?" he queried.

"I had two sisters, toilers in the field," she answered sadly. "One put on an armor of brass to shield her from the missiles that were aimed at her; but she could not wear it long—it galled her tender flesh, and dragged her weary limbs down to death. The other received the shafts in her soft bosom, with a smile of affected disdain, until they were pointed by a hand that was dear to her. Then she gave no sign, though they rankled more and more. But at last, after a long, long time, every nerve and fiber of her body grew tired—her hands grew tired and her head grew tired and her heart grew tired—and when her heart was tired she knew the length and the breadth and the height and the depth of all possible fatigue—and thus was she crucified."

"And wilt thou not likewise grow weary?" he asked with a smile of friendly indifference.

"I? Oh, never," she answered, with a look of steady endurance. As she again put her hand to the plow she pondered bitterly. "Not a drop of my blood is human—he thinks."

But as she kept steadily on, the toil of her hands lessened the weight on her heart, and she thought, "Surely we may greet each other until the close of the day, and there is that much balm in Gilead." But as she again approached the man she saw him resting on his plow and gazing off beyond her field.

"Woman," he said, "in the cool shades of the grove beyond, garlanded with flowers, I see a maiden roving. Her eyes are like the clear, winter stars; her laughter is as free from care as the gurgling of the brook that flows at her feet. Wilt thou not bring her to me, that she may rest under the shade of the tree of love, and caress my brow with her soft, white hands when I am over weary; feeding my soul with the golden fruit of love, and cooling my lips and thrilling my heart with the sparkling wine of happiness?"

"I have given him to drink of my heart's red blood," thought the woman; "nevertheless—I will bring her," she said aloud.

So she obtained for him his desire, and the man, clasping the flower-decked maid to his bosom, forgot her who had suffered much that he might be happy. She, stooping, gathered a flower that the damsel had dropped from her hair, and ere she resumed her task, pinned the blossom over her heart. "To hide the pain," she murmured in a soft undertone, and a look of utter weariness passed over her face and vanished again.

The long, weary, sultry day drew at last to a close; the sun had sunk behind the distant hills, leaving pencillings of glory to mark the gates through which he had fled. The man, resting in the shade with his beloved, looked across the neighboring field and beheld the toiling figure of a slender, fragile woman coming toward them, plowing her last furrow. For a moment it seemed to him that the smile which lingered about her lips did not dispel the shadows that darkened her eyes; but he noticed as she approached that her hand was firm, her step was steady, and her head erect. "She is a delicate looking woman," he said with serene indifference, "but made of steel. She never grows weary. Since to toil was her fate, it is well she could bear it."

Then the last gleam of the sunset's glory faded into gray, and

having reached the end of her furrow, the woman turned and gazed with wide eyes at the darkened heavens. "It is finished," she murmured, as she folded her hands on her bosom and sank back into the grave she had digged for herself.

Cynthia Berry.

TO A PINE FOREST.

Oh ! wonderful sea that washes no shore,
Thy waves have a voice and it sings evermore,
For a song everlasting ariseth afar,
Where the winds and thy billows are ever at war.
No commerce hath darkened, no blood ever shed,
Where the waves never sport o'er the graves of the dead,
But the seabirds alit on thy evergreen tide
Make their nests in its crests and there ever abide.

Waller Gerald Cooper.

THE LOST JONAH.

CHAPTER I.

Old Aunt Charity had scraped the accumulation of cold gravy and bread crumbs from the last plate, had wrung the old wash-mop with defiant squeeze, and put away the last weary item of the day's labor. She closed the kitchen door and walked slowly, with heavy tread, to her lonesome cabin among the locust trees at the back of the house. Aunt Charity was in a reminiscent mood, but it seemed to her that it had not been so many years since she tripped that well worn thoroughfare of the colored servants with the exuberant step of a strong body and a light heart, but now the path was long and rough and she shuffled heavily over the little hillocks and the occasional uncovered locust roots. Inside the cabin she sat close to the wood fire, her feet almost in the ashes and the warm glow comfortably enveloping her.

It was a night heavy with memories for Aunt Charity. She was thinking of her son Jonah, and how lonely and miserable she was without him. It seemed nothing to her that her two oldest boys, Peter and Zachariah, were well settled in life and sober, industrious farm workers, and she derived no satisfaction from the fact that "Lize" had but recently married Jim Elliott, the young brick mason, who was "right at de top o' de quality" among the colored people. All such substantial blessings had lost their flavor since the blithe and affectionate Jonah had dropped out of the horizon of her life.

"Was ever any nigger like dat blessed little pickaninny?" queried Aunt Charity to herself, forgetting that Jonah was seventeen years old and considered himself quite a man.

"Dere was nebber sich pretty black eyes as his'n, jes' a shinin' an' dancin' like dat burnin' hickory bark. An' when his mouf open an' smile, his voice sound like de drippin' honey to his mudder's ears. Dere was nebber anybody wid de feet so willin', an' wid de step so light an' de la'f so sweet as dat child er mine."

Slow in mind, 'though sometimes voluble in speech under excitement, her affectional nature was quick to feel pleasure or pain, developing at times the extremes of both. Aunt Charity to-night was in one of those ruminative moods based on an undercurrent of unhappiness in which the mind feeds its longing for content with constantly revolving memories that are made as by an unconscious effort of the will to take on the warm colors of an illuminating love. And so she sat, thinking of the lost Jonah as the alert, affectionate little fellow she still enshrined in her heart, although the painful circumstances of his arrest and confinement

in the penitentiary for stealing would hover on the outlying confines of her meditations, a pale background for the roseate pictures of her fancy.

It was no damper upon her affection that "little Jonah," as she always spoke and thought of him, had been given to small pilfering for some time before the day of his disgrace and imprisonment fell heavily upon her. It was true that Jonah had been taking his young "Marse Will's" brightest cravats and covertly using his slickest collars, but "Miss Mandy" would periodically recover such spoils as he left unguarded from Jonah's pine box he used for a trunk and only make protesting complaint about his being "such a rogue."

Aunt Charity herself was a member of the Methodist church in good standing, and she kept her own hand from pilfering so far as in her lay. But she never called it stealing to take things to eat and little things of no particular value from the family. She, as others of her race, looked upon "de white folks" as possessed of unlimited means, and where they lacked tangible substance they were reported among the colored people to have inexhaustible resources upon which they could draw if disposed to do so. The days of slavery were not so far removed that there did not seem to be, in the minds of the negroes, an obligation on the part of their former white owners, or their descendants, to provide for the little wants of their colored servants out of the superlative abundance of their riches. So when "ole Miss" talked about Jonah's pilfering Aunt Charity scolded the boy and condoned the offense.

How well she remembered the day when Miss Nellie's beau, young Tarleton, son of the rich Tarletons of Fayette county, came to see her pretty "young Mistus." Miss Nellie was all of a flutter and "de jedge" wore a high collar and a new cravat, for although young Tarleton had come often before, stopping at the hotel in town, on this occasion he was to sup and spend the night under the Settles roof. The spare room over the parlor looked prettier than ever, as Miss Nellie herself had put a few deft finishing touches to its decoration, and to this room young Tarleton retired after a rather stiff evening in the bosom of the family.

Before going to bed he opened the little case in which nestled the brilliant diamond ring he had bought for Nellie, to be the sign and seal of their engagement. On the morrow he expected to present it and to make formal request of Judge Settles for his daughter's hand. Long he looked at and fondly admired the sparkling gem which was to encircle one of Nellie's pretty white fingers and he left it there on the table where the flickering fire found and reflected its smouldering lights in his dreamy eyes.

The morning came, and with it, Jonah, to black "young Master's" shoes.

It should be stated here that Jonah was considered a "proud nigger" among his colored brethren. He was proud of the part he had painfully coaxed into permanence on his woolly head; and he was proud, too, of the clothes he wore, the bright ties that came to him mysteriously from Marse Will's wardrobe and the occasional white linen shirts that came from the same source. The washed-gold chain, with never a watch on the other end, that he ostentatiously fastened in his vest, added immensely to his satisfaction, while the little buttonhole bouquet he wore in the evenings when he waited on the table filled out the measure of his self-complacency. Jonah had a lot of finery of a miscellaneous sort which he had saved and hidden, much like a dog does his purloined bones, and when he sallied forth decorated with these treasures of the wardrobe and his banjo on his shoulder he usually produced an impression among the colored folks very agreeable to his ruling passion.

Jonah looked at the ring, and the ring blinked a seductive twinkle at Jonah. He thought of his golden watch chain, of his lack lustre scarf pin made of paste, of the thick silver ring which he spent so much time in polishing, and they all seemed very miserable beside this thing of beauty. And then Jonah thought of the "festibul" he was going to attend next week 'way down in the Stringtown neighborhood, he thought of "that pretty yellor gal from 'cross Buck Creek and dat black Jim Estes keepin' comp'ny wid her."

And then Jonah saw the whirling dancers and the pretty yellow girl through them all; and he saw the leaders of the entertainment come up to him and ask: "Mister Settles, won't yo' gib us de break-down on `yo' banjo?" And then the rapt interest of the Buck Creek girl, the awed admiration of "them pore niggers" as the ring would flash over the strings, the discomforted Jim Estes! These, and a great many other things, flew through Jonah's heated imagination.

"Sho! dey won' nobody know whut come of de ring nohow, an' Misser Tarleton, he got all de finery he wants an' won' miss dis one little piece."

So ran Jonah's thoughts.

When Luther Tarleton awoke it was with a vague sense of love and duty before him. By a natural process his mind reverted to the beautiful ring he was going to give to Nellie, and he thought of the quiet happiness and trust he should see in her uplifted face when she read the inscription inside, intended for no eyes but hers:

"Luther loves you."

And then with a sigh he thought of the trial it would be to tell the dignified father of the engagement and formally ask his consent. But when his eye, following tardily the course of his eager thoughts, sought the ring itself he could hardly credit the evidence of his senses that it had entirely disappeared.

Luther Tarleton was not lacking in moral courage, so he bravely bore his disappointment and contented himself with the parental consent and the sweet interchange of love that followed. As he had whispered to Nellie the night before that he had a present for her, the loss of the ring had to be explained. The family were overwhelmed with mortification at the affair and Judge Settles declared that he would prosecute the thief to the limit of the law.

Jonah was dragged up and threatened and bullied and coaxed to confess the theft, but he only averred with monotonous repetition he "never knowed nothin' about it." As the colored maid had also been in the room it could not be positively proved that Jonah was the thief. The judge chafed and fumed and Aunt Charity did not remember ever to have seen him so angry before.

Jonah did not dare go to the festival at Stringtown and a few weeks later he smuggled his ring to town and traded it on court day to a strange negro for a gaudy accordion. After Jonah parted with the ring it left a trail like a serpent. The strange negro sold it to another negro for a dollar and a quarter, and this negro, being the gardener of the prosecuting attorney, took it to his employer to learn its value.

The prosecuting attorney having heard of the loss located the ownership of the ring, and easily traced the theft to its source.

The officer was a candidate for re-election, and, smarting under the strictures of a rival candidate, he was doing all he could to attract attention for active prosecutions, after a long term of idleness and inefficiency. He had Jonah dragged to the court-house, and with a strong array of testimony and amid the wails and sobs of his protesting mother, he was sentenced to "confinement in the penitentiary at hard labor for ten years."

Aunt Charity mourned for Jonah as for one who had wandered off in the night, and, unwarily, had fallen into a trap of death. For her, the prison walls did not stand so much for crime and disgrace as they represented bodily privations, hopeless confinement, separation. Her mother love suffered no flaw at the thought of her boy's criminal action, but she only yearned the more for his restoration to her life. As she sat alone before the lazily burning wood fire, just a year after Jonah's taking from home, pictures of his early boyhood, bright with life and

affection, came crowding in upon her. Her rapt thought relaxing, she crooned an old tune she used to sing at night to the drowsy ears of her lost boy, and when she breathed softly the closing line,

"An sleep you, honey, shore,"

She thought she saw Jonah's little black head^{*} in the curling smoke as he used to look years ago. How his bright eyes danced and his white teeth shone, just as in the dear old days! And then she heard his little feet pattering on the clap-boards without the door. Some one did shake the old cabin door and step inside, and out of the smoky shadows came a sob as of a broken-hearted child come home to its own. Half dreading to destroy the warm pictures that flushed her imagination, Aunt Charity turned heavily around when a slim figure threw itself on her neck and only cried between its sobs, "Mammy! Mammy! Mammy!"

CHAPTER II.

"Whar am de stripes?"

Aunt Charity thrust the boy from her and gazed upon him at arm's length. For a moment a river of feeling drowned her voice and dimmed her eyes, then, as she drew the boy to her there followed a torrent of tears and inarticulate exclamations of delight. Again and again would she hold him from her and then clasp him in her arms, calling him her "blessed God's child," her "bright an' shinin' lam'," her own "bu'ful, bu'ful Jonah!" After her excitement had subsided a little and the first paralysis of surprise had passed away, after she had felt Jonah from head to foot with maternal touch and kissed him a hundred times, she asked excitedly:

"But whar am de stripes,^{*} chile; whar am de stripes?"

Ah, those convict stripes! The outward and palpable sign of the boy's disgrace had haunted this mother's unhappy imaginings more than the thought of his tarnished character.

"De stripes are gone, mammy, an' I don't have to wear 'em no more."

"Den, Gabriel, come blow yo' ho'n?" said the fervid old darky as she cast her eyes upward in the devoutness of her gratitude.

Aunt Charity's affectionate demonstrations did not prevent her from seeing that this was not the same sleek and shiny Jonah that had left her a year ago. He was thin and weak and there was a hint of paleness beneath his black skin. With motherly bustle she made him undress and put him in her warm bed while she heaped fresh wood on the smouldering fire. Painfully Jonah got off his clothes and disclosed to his mother's

solicitous eyes a cut in the arm and the long mark of a knife-blade across the shoulder. He was quite weak by this time and sunk wearily into the bed. After he had become somewhat rested Aunt Charity drew the old hickory chair with its creaking joints to the bedside to hear how it all came about.

"It was dis way, mammy," said Jonah. "You see, when I went down dere, dey looked at me an' seed I was fat an' hearty, an' dey put me in de hemp factory to work where de stoutest of 'em doan live more'n five or six years.

"I begun mighty brash wid de balance of 'em an' I 'lowed I could hackle as much hemp as any of 'em. At first I kept right along wid 'em but 'twasn' very long 'fo' I commenced to let down, wid de po' vittles an' de hard work. I 'clar, mammy, I got so sick 'er dat salt pork an' hard bread dat I could'n bear de sight of vittles. When I work in de hemp my arms feel like strings an' I did'n have no backbone at all.

"Well, one day de boss was pushin' us extry hard an' I had'n eat nothin'. Dey took me to de hospittle an' de guvner's wife was dere, where she used to come every week to see de sick prisoners. An' when de guvner's wife see 'em throw me in de corner all dead like, she jes took hole er dis pore nigger an' worked on 'im till he come to.

"An' after dat I was powerful low wid a sick spell an' she brought me things to eat jest like you cook 'em, mammy. She did'n say much to me, jes as' me how I wuz an' if I had a mudder livin', but when she'd leave I could jes shet my eyes an' see all de white angels Miss Nellie used to sing about Sunday evenin's on de little orgin in de back parlor. An' when I got better she got de head keeper to let me go over to de guvner's mansion an' pick around in her garden fur her. Dey knowed I was too weak to run away, an' I done promise her I wouldn'.

"An', mammy, dey was a little gal dere, de guvner's little honey, an' she play an' frolic 'round her mudder like de little lam's in de ole orchard used to do. She was de prittiest little gal wid curly black hair all fallin, roun' her face, an' her black eyes dancin' like de sun through de winder shutter. She was a little bit'er gal, 'bout three years ole, an' she come aroun' where I was wukin' an' she touched my black cheeks wid 'er soft baby fingers an' it felt like de bresh of de dove's wing from ole Noah's ark. An' den she run off an' play wid de dog.

"An' Mammy, when I heard dat chile prattle aroun' an' see her setting in de grass she 'peared to me like a shiny piece of heab'n dropped on de yearth.

"I done forgot all about dat hemp hacklin' 'fur ten years' an' dat hard, rough boss, an' dem iron bars. An' while I was thinkin' about de little Missie an' de pritty things she used to

bring into my pore, black head, I look up sudden an' scared like, an', fore de Lawd! dere was a rough, shaggity man wid great bushy hair an' wild eyes, an' his shirt half tore off. I dropped de fork like I was shot an' de bre'f in my body stop comin'. De man he was a-creepin' through de bushes on de oder side de garden, den he was stealin' towards little Missie whar she was settin' in de grass pullin' up de clover; den he was runnin' like a càt, an' den, mammy, de good Lawd loosed my legs from whar dey seemed to be froze. De man was closer to little Missie den I was. I thought of de ole mudder at home, an' dem nine mo' years in de prison walls, an' I run for little Missie, too. De man had her by de hair ob de head, but bress God! dat knife never touched her pritty neck. I grabbed de arm 'fore it fell 'an' I jes shet my eyes an' hel' on. Mammy, I can hear dat quick bre'f an' feel dem burnin' eyes now. De blow dat missed de little gal cut me in de arm, but I still hel' on. An' den he got his han' up agin'; I seemed weak like water but I hel' on yet; I could feel his arm gittin' loose an' den I felt de col' knife in my back, an' I seemed to be glad it didn't hurt any more, an' den I got all weak an' didn' know nothin'."

"An' it 'peared like I was sleepin' a long, long time an' couldn' git 'wake, but atter while my eyes open, an' I thought pore Jonah was in heben wid de faces ob de angels aroun' him an' de hush ob heben in de air. But I was in de bed in de guvner's house, an' when I saw my black han's on dem snow white kyvers an' all de finery hangin' roun' on de wall I tried to git up an' go to my work, but de doctah raise up out o' de floor like, an' pushed me back in de bed.

An' de guvner an' his bu'ful wife say dey owe me everything for savin' little Missie, an' den dey tell me de wild man run away from de 'sylum, a place dat's plum full of crazy folks, an' dey say he cut his own little gal's throat 'fore he was put in dere. An' de keepers run after him an' when he was about to make de last of pore Jonah dey hit him in de head wid a club an' take him back to de 'sylum."

Here the boy turned over wearily and with evident pain.

"An' when I was able to git out of bed," he continued, "de guvner give me a new suit of clothes, an' a purse full of money, an' a paper, dar in my pocket. An' de guvner's wife spoke so kin' an' sweet to me an' ax me nebber to steal no mo'; an' I ain't gwine to, mammy. I rode to de station an' I stru'k out to walk fur de ole cabin, an' heah I is, mammy; heah I is."

The tired boy fell asleep; the old woman, after many a loving tuck and caressing stroke of the hand, stretched her length beside him and both were soon wrapped in peaceful slumber, in truth, "Two hearts that beat as one." *Frank D. Spotswood.*

WHERE SILENCE REIGNS.

"They make a solitude and call it—Peace."



HE land is glad and young—the polar ice
Grinding in glacial vise
The continent, unlocks its wintry jaws
And sullenly withdraws.

The cascade leaps from out the eternal
snows,
And, lightly laughing, flows,
Girdling the granite's rugged loins, and
and seeks
The sandals of the peaks.

Brimming its flood to greet the bending trees
It loiters through the leas
And bathes the arid bosoms of the plains
With cooling mountain rains.

Responsive to the embrace of stream and sun,
The deserts, one by one,
Burst into bloom, and, gleaming green and gold,
In meadows vast, unfold.

Out from the brooding emptiness that fills
The everlasting hills,
Roll the brown billows of compacted life
With vital impulse rife.

Their pounding thunders echo far and wide,
While o'er the Great Divide
Comes down the canyon's craggy vistas grand
The chieftain with his band.

Where kindly nature spreads her generous feast,
Together, man and beast,
Roam the broad regions of the boundless West
Through prairies verdure-dressed.

Content—for each a common law obeys,
Marking his measured ways;

Content—for each a separate path pursues,
Predestined him to use ;

Content—for both partake the high decree
Whose fiat stamped them free ;
And the Great Spirit, forth from where he stood
Gazed, and beheld it—good !

Slow swing the centuries in their ceaseless course !
While Time's relentless force
Crumbles the kingdoms, under Orient skies
New dynasties arise.

Proud empires spring from wrecks of empires dead,
And, flaming overhead,
Change flings her restless banner to the breeze
Across the Eastern seas.

Meanwhile, securely, in their Western clime,
Unheeding toil or time,
Bison and warrior unmolested range,
And reck not aught of change.

Yet, all too soon is felt the iron hand
Of Progress in the land—
Enlightenment and Law (with torch and sword)
Attend the invading horde.

Vague terrors on the affrighted country seize ;
The aborigines
Before the Saxon's guns and Saxon's greed,
Like melting snows, recede.

“ They make a solitude and call it—Peace ”—
(The great migrations cease !)
“ They civilize from off the face of earth ”—
(And herald Freedom's birth !)

Nor long the end delays : with speedy shrift
Extermination swift
Is meted herd and tribe—till both at last
To their long rest have passed ;

Save where, in some great city's pleasure-ground
The shaggy front is found,
And eyes that once looked proudly on God's stars
Peer through a paddock's bars ;

Or where the lingering remnant race,
With hunger haunted face,
Crawls, in its misery, month by month to sue
For pittance overdue.

Peace be with you ! No grand mausoleum guards
Your dust with brazen wards ;
But wide o'erarch your dual effigies
The sky's cold canopies.

To-day, the grim Golgotha of the plains
Sole monument remains ;
While 'round yon bier the mocking northers laugh
A ghastly epitaph !

Hugh and Val Starnes.



PARSON FLETCHER'S CHARGE.

ON a certain March evening not long ago, Dr. Fletcher, the pastor of the Northern Presbyterian church in Denton, Kentucky, was sitting alone by the open fire in his study. Before him lay an open volume of sermons, but it was too dark to read. The March wind whistled drearily and an occasional fierce blast caused the loose windows to rattle and gusts of cold air to creep into the room.

Dr. Fletcher shivered and drew his arm-chair nearer to the fire. Then as he sat gazing at the flames and glowing coals, the present slipped away and his thoughts went back to the past, as they were wont to do when he was alone in the evening. For the most real part of his life was in the past. Beside its glowing colors the present seemed expressionless and uninteresting.

So to-night the old man's thoughts traveled back to the exciting days just before the war, when Kentucky was divided against itself, house against house, brother against brother, yea, even church against church. It was this last phase upon which the old man's mind dwelt most forcibly. He remembered how bitter had been the feeling between the slavery and the anti-slavery members of the church, a feeling which had been intensified when their pastor had married a wife owning fifty slaves and had thus come into possession of them. Then it was that the one party had declared that they would not be instructed in their duties to God and man by a slave owner. When at last the long-smouldering indignation broke forth and the long-threatened rupture came, as had happened all through the State, they had formed a little church of their own, proudly calling it the Northern Presbyterian.

And when the people had said, "Who will preach to us?" Dr. Fletcher, who had been the life and soul of the movement, had said, "I studied theology when I was a young man. If it be your will I will preach to you."

This offer had been enthusiastically accepted, for George Fletcher was a man of influence and personal magnetism. So in the prime of life he had given his strength of body and mind for the sake of his convictions. From a full heart and a teeming brain, in glowing, impassioned language, he had given food to his flock. And not without result, for he had so thrilled his hearers by his bold words of truth and right that he had inspired in them a feeling akin to his own. The result was that

the mere handful grew into a good-sized congregation, who worshipped their minister only second to their Maker.

Yet this was by no means the only feeling that had existed toward him. Though he had made many strong friends, he had also made many bitter enemies. More than once had his life been threatened by infuriated slave-owners. Yet he had courageously persisted in his path of duty.

As old Dr. Fletcher thought of all this he remembered how popular his church had been after the war, how eager his congregation had been to hear his words. Then he sighed. He could not remember just when his popularity had begun to wane. But as the years had gone by and the interest in the slavery question had subsided and Dr. Fletcher had grown older, his congregation had begun to fall off. Perhaps, too, the coming of an attractive young minister to the Southern Presbyterian church had had something to do with the decline of its rival.

Gradually its members had slipped away until Dr. Fletcher, now an old man of seventy-eight, was left with but a handful of faithful retainers. As the congregation had decreased, his salary had diminished proportionally, and as the handsome property which his father had left him had been swallowed up by the war, it was only by the strictest economy that the old man eked out a comfortable living on his slender income. Hence it was that his once elegant linen was now frayed about the wrists and his black coat was shiny.

To-night, Dr. Fletcher's thoughts dwelt especially on the decrease of young people in his congregation. As he thought of the large number of eager, enthusiastic young men and happy, handsome girls, who had flocked to hear him thirty years before, and contrasted them with the occasional young person who came to his church now, having the appearance of one who had strayed in by mistake, he was saddened. It must be his fault he thought; he must do something to interest the young people; he must make a stronger exertion. Then the thought came to him that he would form a young people's society. Perhaps that might be just what the church needed. Interested in this new thought he began to make plans for a society which should build up the church. His idea unfolded until in his mind he had instituted a large and powerful organization, which should include all the young people in town. He imagined himself once more addressing a large and well-to-do congregation and he saw himself once more the center of an admiring people.

The old man was in this hopeful mood when there was a rap and the door opened and an old negro with white hair and a bent form stepped in and, with the unmistakable courtesy of the

old Kentucky slave, asked Dr. Fletcher if he wished anything. "No, John, nothing to-night." Then rousing himself from his dream, "Before you light the lamp I would like to have you play to me a little while, John."

Although John strove to accept the proposal with due dignity, yet his black face lighted up with pleasure, for he was always much flattered to play to his old master.

When he had brought his violin he seated himself in a chair by the fire and then the old cracked fiddle began to give forth the sweet, plaintive tones that Dr. Fletcher loved so well to hear, while John's voice accompanied the violin and his old body rocked backward and forward, keeping time to the music. As one after another, in quick succession, he played now a lively air, now a plaintive one, or now a sweet old psalm tune, Dr. Fletcher put his hand over his eyes and gave himself up to the happiest part of his life, his memories. For more than sixty years, ever since when on his fifteenth birthday, his father had made him a present of John, he had listened to the old violin played by this most faithful friend.

For, by one of the curious complexities of human nature, John was as ardent in his love for slavery as was his white master in his hatred. The old negro hated change and all new-fangled notions. He loved dependence and detested freedom. When before the war, Dr. Fletcher had wished to make John free, as he had done his other slaves, John had demurred so strongly and begged so hard to be allowed to remain in the chains he loved, that Dr. Fletcher had unwillingly waived his principles and yielded to the old slave's entreaties.

When Lincoln's proclamation gave John his legal emancipation he was heart-broken. He felt that all the old associations and land-marks were to be torn up and replaced by the new institutions, which his conservative soul abhorred. He had flatly refused to leave Dr. Fletcher. So the old parson, who had never married, had lived, attended only by this old servant, who was not one of the most intelligent of his class, but on the contrary, rather stupid, whose two best points were his faithfulness and his talent for music, his worst his occasional intoxication.

This last habit often got him into trouble. For at these times the usually inoffensive negro was transformed into an exceedingly quarrelsome one. So much so that he was often lodged in the jail for brief periods on complaint of disturbing the peace.

Indeed it was only the day after he had played and sung psalm tunes to his old master, that, having yielded to his old

foe, he had become unusually uproarious on the street and at night had found himself in the little stone jail, which was only a short distance from his home. As he was an old offender he was sentenced to three months.

However, he was not a stranger to the place, but soon made himself at home, and, having sent word to his granddaughter to go and keep house for the parson, and being allowed by the good-natured authorities to have his violin and tobacco brought to him, he philosophically resigned himself to his fate. Indeed, with his violin he could not be miserable. He would sit in his cell for hours playing and singing softly to himself. The other negroes in the jail, tired of quarreling and calling out to the passers-by, would often join in his songs. His granddaughter, too, who was used to her grandfather's occasional sojourns here, would sometimes bring her accordion and sit under the jail window while John played his violin and the twenty or thirty negroes took up the song. It was a pretty scene for one going by about sundown on one of these mild April afternoons to see the young black girl with a big sun-bonnet on, under the window of the rather picturesque-looking little gray stone jail, playing her accordion, which was accompanied by the sweet tones of John's magic violin and the melodious, plaintive voices of the inmates as they sang "'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," or "My Old Kentucky Home."

Meanwhile how prospered the old doctor without his faithful servant? Accustomed to John's occasional forced absences, he always resigned himself to Melinda's administration and kept on in the even tenor of his ways, patiently awaiting his old friend's release.

He was seated in his study one night thinking of parish matters and wondering in a troubled way why it was that the young people's society had not been a success, when Melinda came in bringing the evening's mail, which consisted of a paper and a letter, on which he noted the handwriting of the parish clerk. On opening it he found a note, the substance of which, though stated in an extremely courteous manner, was that the parish had decided that for the welfare of the church it was best to have a young minister. It dwelt upon the need that was felt for some one who kept up with the questions of the day to interest the young people and place the church on its old footing. There was great appreciation expressed for his work in the past and the hope that he might live to worship with them for many years.

When Dr. Fletcher had read the note it slipped from his trembling hands to the floor. The old man sat without moving,

as if stunned. His church had been his animating power and now that this was taken from him there seemed to be left no impetus to life. It was as if his very heart had stopped beating. The two interests of his life had been his church and his past, and now that the one was gone there remained to him only his past and he felt that he had no part or interest in the future. He seemed to himself to be like a piece of refuse, which time had left only to be cast aside.

Yet the power that rules our thoughts is kind. Though it saddens and slays yet the law of compensation governs it and the sorrowing soul often has a glimpse of bliss the more vivid for its pain. As old Dr. Fletcher sat with bruised and hopeless heart there softly and sweetly swept over him such rosy reminiscences that they soothed and comforted him and lightened his despair.

His youthful hand maid, Melinda, who was quite a belle in the colored society of Denton, coming home late from a dance, saw Dr. Fletcher's light still burning and wondered why he was sitting up so late.

The next morning he did not come down to breakfast, but in reply to Melinda's inquiries he told her that he only felt tired and then he added: "I am an old man, Melinda."

When he did get up, his first act was to write a letter to the parish acquiescing in their decision, thanking them tenderly for their support and help in the past and for their kindness in having borne with an old man for so long and expressing the wish that the church might be most truly blessed and the flock sanctified and saved under the guidance of the new pastor.

After the old man had written this letter, he felt too weak and tired to sit up longer. And as the spring days went on he did not gain strength. He realized now that he was old and feeble and the realization seemed to make him more so. During these days he longed for John. He regarded him as one of the strong links that connected him with the days gone by, and, though he shrank from seeing other people, he felt that with this other remnant of the past he should be content, knowing that John understood and sympathized. He longed, too, at twilight and in his lonely evenings to hear the familiar strains of the violin to which he had listened for so many years and which always brought back old scenes and faces.

After his pulpit had been supplied by numerous candidates, at length, by a unanimous vote, the parish chose the young man who was to give spiritual food to the little flock.

While the candidates were being heard, Dr. Fletcher had not cared to go to church, saying that he wished the people to

choose for themselves. But on the morning when the new minister began his pastorate, although the old man was unusually feeble and was advised by Melinda, a young woman who always spoke her mind freely, not to go, yet, with a touch of his old energetic spirit, he said he could not think of staying at home, for it was every one's duty to turn out to welcome the new minister.

So with a prayer that he might show a true Christian spirit and do his feeble part towards helping along the work of his Maker he roused his sluggish physical force and tottered off to church.

As he sat in one of the back pews, in spite of his sweet Christian spirit it was with a pang of grief that he watched coming up the aisles the long rows of well dressed people, many of whom had not set foot in the church for years. Yet he felt a tender interest in them all, for many of them had been christened, many of them married, by him. He had watched their children growing up and had given them a father's love, for, having no family of his own on which to spend his affection, Dr. Fletcher had given it generously and unstintingly to his flock.

But he was the only one in the large congregation who was thinking of these things. The thoughts of all others were on the new young minister, who had been so enthusiastically received when he had preached his trial sermon to them. When he entered there was an air of interest and eager expectancy, and from the time he opened the service until he pronounced the benediction, all attention was riveted on this handsome, eloquent young preacher. His sermon, which was able and progressive, touched upon questions of the day. He had a good deal to say about the Briggs case. He spoke of nationalism of which Dr. Fletcher had heard but vaguely. With warmth the young man informed his congregation that the past was dead. "What we are interested in," he said, "are the issues of to-day."

Poor old Dr. Fletcher realized very keenly that the past was dead and he felt that he, as a part of that past, ought to be dead, too. As he glanced around him at the large, satisfied-appearing congregation, the bitterest pang to him was the realization that for him to stop preaching was for the welfare of the church, the church for which he would have gladly given his very life.

After the service, though he was tired out with following a sermon on affairs of which he knew so little, and would gladly have escaped without being obliged to speak to any one, yet having made his way through the admiring crowd that surrounded the young minister, he gave him a most cordial greeting. In reply to the various inquiries as to his health and the

remarks made in mildly pitying tones that he looked feeble, he said with dignity that he was very well. It was only at the door that he showed any emotion. Then when a little four-year-old child brought him up a flower his eyes filled with tears.

After that day the old doctor grew gradually weaker; each day he found that he could do a little less than the day before.

One morning when Melinda came to bring him his warm water she found that he did not know her, but called her by a wrong name. Alarmed, she went for the doctor who said that while there seemed to be no organic disease, there was a general decline of all the old man's forces and that there seemed to be very little rallying power. However, he said there was no immediate danger. Yet it seemed best that an old cousin who lived in a neighboring town should be sent for to take care of the old man.

The days that followed were long, weary ones. At times Dr. Fletcher's mind would be perfectly clear and he would talk rationally though feebly with those around him. But these times were alternated with periods of stupor or delirium. In these latter states the past, which had always been so much to him, became his present. Once more he was delivering impassioned sermons to large congregations, once more he was back on his father's old Kentucky plantation. Then he would call for John and say that he wanted to hear him play "My Old Kentucky Home." In his lucid moments, too, he would anxiously inquire for his old servant and was troubled when he was told that he was not yet free.

Meanwhile, in jail, John had heard of his master's illness and was in a fever of impatience to go to him. He fretted and chafed so much under his bonds that the keeper was somewhat concerned lest the usually peaceful and contented prisoner might attempt an escape.

When at last one June evening he was set free, he hastened to his master's home. At the door he was met by Dr. Fletcher's somewhat stern cousin, Miss Virginia. She told him that the doctor had had one of his worst days and was now lying in a stupor from which he did not rouse.

"So you can't see him to-night," she said. "He wouldn't know you. In the morning, perhaps, you may see him a little while, though."

In vain did the old negro piteously plead only to be allowed to go in and look at his master and come right out. Miss Virginia was obdurate.

"No," she said, "there are too many people in there now. Mr. Williams and his wife would come in to watch with him and the more confusion there is the worse it is for him."

Bitterly disappointed John turned away, not knowing where to go. When he was out of doors once more he looked up at the lighted room where his master was. On this warm June evening the window was wide open. A sudden thought struck him. In a moment he had his violin and was standing under his master's window. Above him was the full moon, dimmed a little by some soft clouds. The stars shone brightly overhead; not a breath was stirring; all was quiet. The old negro stood and listened. There was no sound from the room above. He hesitated a moment. Who could say what thoughts were in his mind and what feeling urged him to touch his fingers to his violin and begin playing "Nearer My God to Thee?"

Softly and sweetly the notes were borne on the still June air to the room above. The young doctor and the watchers looked at each other and listened. Then they looked at the white face on the pillow, which had been for a long time expressionless. Dr. Fletcher stirred. He moved his head. Clearer and sweeter came the notes of the violin. One of the old hands feebly grasped the bedspread. The old man smiled and murmured something. The wan face lighted up. It was transfigured as if by a premonition of coming glory. Then it seemed to the watchers that the room grew strangely dim and empty, for they were alone.

Grace Tyler Pratt.



HIGH WATER MARK IN LITERATURE.

THE fact that the greatest achievements in the world of letters have been poems would give, without any examination into the cause, the highest rank in literary classification to poetical literature. Its intrinsic claims to pre-eminence, however, rest largely, if not wholly, upon fundamental elements which are much the same in prose fiction—imagination and invention. By virtue of these elements poetry and prose fiction become creative or pure literature.

But to be creative, even finely so, is not of itself a sufficient guarantee that any literary effort has reached its high water mark. There is something a little singular in the necessity which compels literature of the highest class to be imbued with an element intrinsic in a lower class, before it can approach its highest attainment. This element is philosophy.

Mrs. Oliphant in her beautiful essay on Bishop Berkley says: "By general consent the title of a great philosopher has been allowed to represent the highest eminence to which the human mind can attain. . . . There is no educated man of the present, or of many preceding generations, who would not take shame to himself, if obliged to confess he knew nothing of, or had no sympathy with, this science of the soul. . . . There is not one of us who is not more or less impressed by the often misapplied title 'the greatest thinker of the age.'"

The worth of thought, especially of earnest, reasoning, moving thought, which searches for, suggests, or reveals, truth, makes itself felt by its very manner, whether its matter be understood or not. Philosophy is indeed so essential a part of the higher mental life, and is so intimately connected with the best qualities of all good literature that it is difficult to separate it from even as dream-like a thing as the imagination. This is the more difficult since, as I repeat and hope to prove, the dreamers whose dreams are worth most give their dreams a philosophic cast.

A comparison of Æschylus, the poet, and Plato, the apostle of pure thought, in their treatment of the sublime theme of justice, will illustrate their kinship as philosophers, and will indicate that the high-water mark is unmistakably the same in each. Both of these philosophers dwell much upon abstract thoughts, and view them from a somewhat similar point of view, one which is common to Greek thinkers, that of the inward life of the individual. Both give strong expression to their ideas

concerning the ruling element of ethics, while they illustrate, not greater and less philosophy, but the different points of view which are perhaps inevitable in the different forms of expression. Plato says justice "is the reality . . . concerned not with the outward man, but with the inward, which is the true self and concernment of man ; for the just man . . . sets in order his own inner life and is his own master and at peace with himself ; when he has . . . become one entirely temperate and perfectly adjusted nature, then he will begin to act . . . in all cases he will think and call that which preserves and co-operates with this harmonious condition, just and good action, and the knowledge which presides over it wisdom ; and that which at any time destroys this condition, he will call unjust action and the opinion which presides over it ignorance."

Æschylus, in "Agamemnon, philosophizes about the same quality also in respect to its effect upon the individual, but he substitutes personification and the more spiritual garment of poetry for direct definition and the more purely intellectual vestment of prose philosophy, and makes his appeal to the soul rather than to the mind. He says :

" . . . Justice doth for sufferers ordain
To purchase wisdom at the cost of pain."

and

"No bulwark 'gainst destructive fate
In riches shall that mortal find
Who Justice altar rudely spurns."

and

"In time the swarthy brood of night
With slow eclipse reverse his lot
Who fortune reareth in despite
Of Justice."

again

"Apart I hold my solitary creed
Prolific truly is the impious deed
Like to the evil stock the evil seed ;
But fate ordains that righteous homes shall aye
Rejoice in goodly progeny."

finally

"But Justice doth the smoky cell
Illumine with celestial sheen,
And loves with honest worth to dwell ;
Riches amassed with hands unclean
Forsaking with averted eyes,
To holy innocence she flies ;—
Wealth she despiseth falsely stamped with praise
And to their fated issue all things sways."

No doubt in such comparisons the one thing which at first glance will seem most apparent, and a sufficient explanation of differences as well, is that the poetry gains its superiority over the prose, and also its first place in literature, wholly by its imaginative presentation of its philosophy, and the supreme part of the philosophy itself will be lost sight of. But when it is seen that the figurative language of *Æschylus* is only an added, though great merit of beauty, the more essential worth of the philosophy as the high water mark of the poetry will be made clear.

A curious support for my argument may be gleaned from the attitude of the Baconians. They have so overweening a belief in philosophy as the high water mark in literature that they find no other possibility of creations like the plays called Shakespeare's, than by attributing them to the great thinker of the Elizabethan age. It is Bacon, the philosopher, say they, who alone could have produced such marvels of thought and reason and knowledge. That is, it is the thought, not the dress of the thought, which makes the plays a matter of dispute, and gives all its weight to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, which involves the reputation primarily of a poet, not of a philosopher.

Prose, simply as a literary art, is inferior to poetry in that it always appeals more palpably to the intellect than to that indescribably high something we call sensibility. Yet the close connection between poetry and creative or imaginative prose warrants the search for the same characteristics as the high water mark of prose fiction also. The search will not be long nor vain. The first great novel or romance upon which the eye rests will abundantly prove that to be a masterpiece; a work of that kind must contain a core of sound philosophy.

From a literary point of view there is ever something vague and misleading in discussions concerning what should be the ultimate purpose of fiction. Pure literature probably never troubles itself about an ultimate purpose. It is enough for it to create without question according to the dictates of its creative genius.

The measure of the worth of creative, as well as of more strictly serious, literature is the prevalence of noble or ignoble thoughts, nobly or ignobly expressed. Modern story writers, who attempt to picture life simply as it is presented to their outward vision, produce stories at their best as unsatisfying as the works of purely imitative painters—soulless copies of life. The grapes of *Zeuxis* deceived the birds, but they were only painted grapes, after all; they were neither nature, nor, in any high sense, art. Mechanically, superficially perfect, they deluded the human beholder for a moment and surprised him with their skillful

execution. Yet they could give no glimpse of the spiritual essence which makes a great painting almost divine.

Fiction universally called great always reveals the penetrating insight which apprehends the outer life as is in all points the casing only of something far more important. The hand of a philosopher is seen in the works of Dickens and Thackeray, so replete with stirring outward life as well as in those of George Eliot, the acknowledged philosopher among English novelists. And, contrary to a somewhat generally received opinion, Meredith and Tolstoi, Howells and Henry James and other so-called realists of to-day, have reached a high, if not the highest, rank, not by truth to nature, but by their psychological studies, their devotion to the delineation of man's inner life and to the springs of human action.

The part of philosophy in historical and biographical writings and in literary and art criticisms is, of course, apparent to all. Nothing could better typify the difference between the intellectual dawning of primitive man and the highly developed mind of a philosopher than a comparison of the simple chronicle with the histories of Gibbon or Hume. In biographical writing, it is true, the incidents of a great man's life may be told in ever so poor and bare a way, yet will be interesting perforce, because it tells of one who is conspicuous among men, an object of pre-aroused interest. The greatest charm of a great biography, however, is in its wonderful revelations of character, its reflections of human motives, its logical presentation of the natural sequence of action and of the effects of causes ; in short, in its ever-present philosophic tendency.

When the higher faculties of man are in some degree developed, he becomes before all else an intellectual, questioning being. He constantly seeks the why and the wherefore of everything, and finds pleasure in the speculations of others, if they are made clear to him in language and thought. Purely philosophic literature has now many readers. This has been the natural result of the work of the many scholars of this century, who, from their own well nourished minds, have provided a bountiful store of philosophy in the popular form of essays, for a multitude of less scholarly readers. These essayists who, like Emerson, take the under-currents, the deeper things of life for their themes, and interpret them so that all can understand, are always at high-water mark in literature. Yet they occupy a place apart from those specifically named philosophers, and by their more direct appeal to the ideal natures of their readers are more nearly akin to the poets.

Analytical and critical essays are a peculiar product of the

nineteenth century, and the century, perhaps, will pass before their great possibilities as a high kind of literature is appreciated. They have become, it is true, in the form of the literary essay, the most distinctive feature of many magazines and other periodicals, whose tone they determine by the measure of their character and worth. This measure in turn, it may be insisted upon, is that which responds freely to the touchstone of philosophy.

A good literary essay not only interprets books, and to some extent the minds of their authors, but also develops or creates new ideas. It places an investiture of new and original thought around the subject of its theme, and adds new conceptions, if not new creations, to the world's intellectual store.

The special achievements possible to a critic find an admirable illustration in the writings of the greatest of art critics—John Ruskin. And it is in what is regarded as his most vulnerable point that he gives unmistakable evidence of his greatness; that he sees in pictures more than their makers intended to put into them. He looks beyond a picture to its possible motive or inspiration. By his vivid, though not strictly accurate, characterizations, he has gifted certain pictures with personalities, if such a term may be used, other and sometimes greater than their own. He has used them as a frame work for his own beautiful ideals. More than all, by his "theoria," his philosophy, he has created an artistic atmosphere which all persons of culture may enter and enjoy.

The function of great critics is, in truth, to a ruling extent, philosophic, to discover idealities as well as realities in whatever may be the subject of their investigations. They must have that keenly sympathetic instinct which will enable them to bring to light the possibilities unconsciously suggested, as well as to point out what is actually expressed. They can not be true interpreters unless they clearly perceive that the ideal has always a seed existence, at least, in the real. Men need to be interpreted to themselves as well as to others. Books need to be interpreted even to be fully understood by their authors, a fact corollary to the unconscious workings of genius. Nature and art have secrets which only a favored few can penetrate with comprehensive, critical eyes, and with philosophic words reveal. A critic in the highest sense is an analyst and a philosopher in one. Of no other writing is it more true than of literary criticism, that high-water mark is reached only when philosophy guides the pen.

Mary E. Cardwill.

AT THE COLUMBIAN.

A LONG time ago a French nobleman sat at his window overlooking the streets of Paris. He was sick and ennuied; life to him was no longer a desirable thing. The cup of pleasure had been drained till there was left only the bitter dregs of satiety. It was a holiday and the streets were filled with merry makers. The nobleman looked down at them with a smile that was an embodied sneer, as he exclaimed :

"Ah! the people amuse themselves. As long as we can make them laugh we can keep the poor fools in leash!"

The time came when the people no longer laughed, or if they did it was with a terrible mirth, when they saw the blood-stained heads of the aristocrats fall beneath the knife of the guillotine.

Yet mirth, genuine mirth, is a good thing. It is an imperative necessity if one is to keep well and happy.

There is no people under the sun who need relaxation and genuine recreation more than the Americans. Here at the Columbian they are in the role of sight-seers and, incidentally, pleasure-seekers. At least they ought to be the latter. What is the use of doing anything that does not in some way bring pleasurable results? Yet the most of them take their recreation so hard. They seem to be afraid to unbend and enjoy themselves.

A worn and over-worked Eastern school-teacher was going over the grounds the other day with a professor from a Western college. The latter was eager for information. He thirsted for it. He carried about blank-books that he filled with notes concerning everything, and he had whole pages of these books filled with statistical paragraphs, enough to give anybody the headache to think about. She proposed going to a popular place of amusement that afternoon, as a pleasant change from their daily routine. The professor looked at her over his spectacles as he said :

"But do you think it would be worth while to take the time? You know there is nothing instructive in the programme."

And the tired woman turned away from him, almost petulantly exclaiming :

"That is just why I want to go. I am tired of being instructed. I want to be entertained!"

That was only the cry of human nature, voiced by this over-worked teacher. It is the same feeling that makes many persons

at the Columbian sit on the benches about MacMonnies' fountain and listen to a band play, while they idly watch the falling water-drops glisten in the sunlight. It is this same feeling that actuates a Chicago business man, who is seeing the Fair in the manner that best pleases him. When he has an afternoon to spare, he puts on an old suit of clothes, places a book of poems in his pocket and goes out to the Columbian and spends the hours in the way he likes. Sometimes he sits under the trees on Wooded Island and watches the people cross the bridges, the boats shooting through the water, or the swans diving and sailing in the stream. Sometimes he sits down on the marble steps that lead to the lagoon; at other times he places himself near a band stand, yet far enough away for the music to come to him mellowed by the distance. Then he takes the book from his pocket and reads a little. He says he never half appreciated till now the tenderness of Motherwell's old songs. For instance, that of Jeanie Morrison;

"Oh mornin' life! Oh mornin' luv!
 Oh lightsome days and lang;
 When hinnie'd hopes around our hearts
 Like simmer blossoms sprang!
 I could hug all wretchedness
 And happy could I dee,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 Of bygone days and me!"

And while he reads his love poems to the accompaniment of rustling leaves and rippling waters, as well as the sound of passing footsteps, he forgets the price of wheat and the stringency of the money market. To any one who objects to his way of doing the great Exposition, he gently intimates that there are other methods open to the objector, but that he, himself, is quite pleased with his own manner of seeing the Fair.

But the mass of people are there to see everything they can in the shortest space of time possible. They rush from building to building, from exhibit to exhibit, till their heads must swim from the rapid change of sights. It is all nonsense for anybody to think he can see all of the Fair. He ought to expect to look upon only a small portion of it, for it would be impossible to do otherwise. Let him make out a list of things he most wishes to see before he comes and be content with a small number. Then let him bring along some easy shoes and old clothes and he stands a chance of enjoying himself. He need not keep to his programme — it is often much nicer not to do so — and it is the unexpected that is usually pleasant. But the list will be a kind of a balance if he wishes to make too many detours.

The eager, anxious, pinched faces of most of the tourists give the looker-on a pained feeling. After seeing them for a time in the exhibits, it is a great relief to go to Midway Plaisance. And after all, that is the *pièce de resistance* of the Fair. Here is the street of the world. Here are to be met "Jews, Turks and infidels," as wells as Chinese, Brahmins, Parsees, Egyptians, Nubians, Laplanders and the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands and far-off Dahomey. No oddity of dress or manner excites surprise. It is an ethnological exhibition, given every day. It is a congress of nations; a modern Babel.

Any one who wishes to be amused, and yet has not lost all desire to learn something, ought to take in a street in Cairo. It is in the Midway Plaisance and after paying a dime to somebody inside a hole in a stone wall, the visitor enters the gate. Once inside, he is in a foreign country. He is met at the entrance by flower girls from old Cairo in Egypt. It is a delicate compliment to call them girls, for they are usually females whose charms are mature. They are clad in light colored silks with a great deal of tinsel and bright hues about the garments that are made in loose gowns. Over these flowing robes are worn others of black gauze that cover the entire figure. A black gauze veil, like a mask, conceals the face below the eyes. But the most singular feature of the whole toilet is a small golden ornament, almost like a horn, that is worn in the center of the forehead. It is the same ornament that an Egyptian woman wore in Bible times. In spite of the veiled faces, these women are not coy nor timid. They importune men to buy their wares with what little English they know, and not only talk but lay violent hands on the victims whom they have selected as purchasers. It was very funny to see one of them approach a fat, red-faced man as he came in and thrust her flowers in his face, at the same time asking him in energetic pantomime to buy. He attempted to wave her aside, but she was not so easily disposed of; seizing a bunch of scarlet carnations, she adroitly placed the posy in his buttonhole and then laid both of her hands on his shoulders, in a would-be affectionate manner. There was nothing for the man to do but to buy the flowers, which he did with as good grace as he could muster and then he walked away in a shamefaced manner. The descendant of Cleopatra shook out her gauze robe, pulled up her slipper at the heel and took her basket and went off to hunt up some more prey.

Just at the angle formed by the passage at the entrance and the street proper, the donkeys and their drivers are grouped. The diminutive beasts stand with hanging heads, and have queer-looking cloth saddles on their backs. The drivers walk about

them, clothed in long robes of blue linen, and have white turbans on their heads. No one can pass without being asked to ride. One or two middle-aged men are there who wear dark colored clothes, and who arrange business details. The drivers are young men or boys, chiefly the latter, and have most good-natured faces. They seem to consider life a holiday, and are bent on getting out of it all the fun possible. One of the younger boys backed up a little beast in front of the writer and patting the donkey, exclaimed: "He, Boom-de-ay," and then laughed at the excellent joke of thus naming a donkey. He, himself, had not the most vague idea where the joke was concealed; he only cared to see other people smile and was delighted if he produced a laugh.

A little further on are the camels, caparisoned in scarlet or purple, with saddles and harness studded with gilt and colored glass. They kneel on large pads made of canvas bags stuffed with wool, and people who wish to ride can easily mount them from the pavement.

These beasts look as though they might be thousands of years old. To look into their faces is to realize that they are "descendants of the ages." They are contemporaries of the Sphinx, and they look with tolerant contempt upon the race that has just sprung into existence.

They have hanging, pendulous lips and sunken temples, and they give shrill peevish cries as they sway their long necks from side to side.

This group of camels and their drivers is close to the white steps of the Mosque, whose slender minaret rises against the sky. The building is of pink and white slabs, and the Muezzin calls the hours of prayer from the tower three times a day. Inside, in one of the rooms, is an Egyptian school. The scholars are small, coffee-colored lads who hate instruction and yearn to have it all over that they may be released and go out to play. They study portions of the Koran, and as they all read their lessons in very audible tones, and all do this at the same time, the noise is better imagined than described.

The houses that line the street are cream-colored and white, with latticed jalousies in the upper stories. Some of the street doors have carving above them, and one can easily fancy that if they were swung open there could be seen interiors with plashing fountains, tropical palms and piles of luxurious cushions scattered about inviting to repose. In reality there is nothing of the kind, but the illusion is there.

On either side of the street are little shops, or bazars, where are sold all sorts of Egyptian curiosities. There the Koran is

exposed for sale, written in both Arabic and English. Some very good pieces of brass carving are to be seen, and a great variety of silver jewelry, both spurious and genuine. At one place a jeweler sits cross-legged on his bench, making silver rings. Somebody pauses in front of him and sees that he has an old-fashioned silver ring set with a turquoise.

"Will you sell your ring?" asks the visitor.

The jeweler looks up with a smile and replies:

"No English."

"Then the visitor makes signs that she wishes to buy his ring. An interested look immediately overspreads his face. A gruff old Egyptian who is standing near and who knows a little English explains that the ring has a charm that keeps off the evil eye. The visitor thinks this fact adds value to the bauble, and the bargaining begins. Evidently the old jeweler has learned the most important word in the American vocabulary, which, of course, is "dollar." He says, holding up one finger, "One dolla?" then two fingers, "Two dolla?" then three fingers, "Three dolla?"—at the same time watching the face of the visitor to see how many fingers can be safely uplifted. The visitor laughs and shakes her head as she exclaims: "No four dolla." And then the gruff old Egyptian and the jeweler also laugh. The jeweler, a little sadly, repeats her words, and takes the ring, and while she waits, hammers, beats, pinches and fits it to her finger.

The Egyptian theater, still farther down the street, is a very popular place of amusement. The performance is monotonous, for it always consists of the same feature, though that is somewhat startling. Indeed, the newspapers call this performance immoral. To most spectators the dancing is rather unpleasant, but it must also be wicked, or the newspapers would not have said so. We all know how closely the press guards the morals of the people and how sensitive it is to the least approach of evil! That indeed virtue is the strong point of an American newspaper. Therefore, people attend the Egyptian theater in order to be shocked, and go away rather sick with the whole thing.

The audience is seated before a long narrow platform. At the back of this platform sit the musicians on a bench, where they make dreadful sounds on queer looking instruments. On the other side of the stage is a divan, where are seated the dancing girls. They vary in color from that of a dark mulatto to a light cream. They wear gauze waists with large meshes, with nothing underneath them to break the view of the naked skin. Over these waists, or shirts, are short velvet jackets embroidered with gold tinsel. About the hips of each girl is a sort of hoop

from which is suspended a skirt of gay hue that reaches nearly to the ankles. In the hair, about the neck, the arms and the ankles, are a multitude of jingling coins strung on wire, that make a tinkling sound as the dancer moves.

And this dancing is of a sort most peculiar. The girl does very little movement with her feet. The motions are almost altogether those of the muscles of the body, especially the abdomen. The writhings and contortions suggest St. Vitus's dance or delirium tremens and give the observer a feeling of sea-sickness. There is nothing pretty or pleasing in it, and it certainly can never lure anybody from the path of virtue.

While this dancing is going on cries are heard in the street outside and a large part of the audience go out to see what it means. The uproar is caused by the passing of the wedding procession. A mountebank comes in advance who is riding a horse, and he has a pair of horns tied to his forehead. He makes all sorts of faces and gives utterance to strange cries that are supposed to express joy and mirth. On each side of the rider are men stripped to the waist, who are blowing pipes that give a whining, dolorous sound that is quite depressing. Then come a number of persons, presumably the friends and relatives of the high contracting parties, and among them is a man leading a large ape. The presence of this ape, attached to the end of a chain, gives food for thought. The looker-on is reminded of the words of the cynic in regard to matrimony. It will be remembered that he said that married women's occupation in life was to

"Lead apes to hell."

It will be readily perceived that the presence of this ape in the procession was too suggestive, though it was afterward learned that he was not really an integral part of it.

When the procession is gone, it is pleasant to return to the vicinity of the Mosque. In an angle of the street is a restaurant where beer, lemonade and sandwiches are sold. There are a number of languid young women attendants in this restaurant, who consider it a personal insult if a visitor gives an order. But as these girls are really quite harmless, and have never been known to commit deeds of violence, the tourist need not be afraid of them. He can go in with safety and even have his modest order filled without real peril. His lunch affords him an excuse to linger at a table that should be chosen near the open front of the building. And from that point of view Cairo is seen at its best.

It is late afternoon and the shadows are already beginning

to darken the corners. About the tower of the Mosque two or three pigeons are wheeling and circling. Down the steps come the little Moslem boys, shrill voiced and eager for play. They begin chasing each other through the crowd, as utterly at home as though they were really in old Egypt instead of being in the midst of this fascinating make believe. Three donkeys and their drivers are summoned by a crowd of tourists who are uproariously merry. A "drummer" with a plethoric person and purple necktie mounts one of the donkeys amidst the chaffing of the crowd. Away goes the donkey with his driver running behind, urging the animal to go at the top of his speed, both by his cries and the blows of the stick with which he constantly belabors the beast. The drummer bounces up and down in the saddle, his hat flies off, the crowd cheers him, the school boys run after him and he disappears in a cloud of dust down the street. By and by he is seen coming back still at a gallop, with a large reinforcement of followers at the heels of the donkey. Another rider is a young woman clad in a yellow muslin with many fluttering scarlet ribbons disposed at various points about her form. She has all the feeling of untrammelled freedom that comes from residing in a small town in interior Indiana. With many shrieks and screams of laughter she mounts the donkey and away she goes. The screams grow louder as the little beast starts off almost at a run under the thwacks of his driver. The youth who beats the donkey gallantly throws his arm about her waist in order to hold her in the saddle, and he keeps up his own pace to that of the donkey, and thus they disappear.

The camels have many riders, too. Tourists are persuaded to mount these "Ships of the Desert," and they also scream and hold on for dear life as the camels go rocking along.

The crowd grows greater, and the mirth louder. The people are like children out on a holiday. Fun and jollity reign supreme, everybody is good-natured. It is curious to see some of the prim, precise looking people get into the spirit of the hour. A grave looking man with spectacles, that somebody says is a minister, gets upon a camel, while his wife seats herself on the steps to laugh comfortably, and watch his total loss of dignity.

And now appear some of the Cairo women to take an evening stroll. They are unveiled and have a deal of white cosmetic on their faces. They wear light dresses of muslin shot through with stripes of bright colors, and have scarfs thrown about them that are embroidered fantastically with gold and scarlet. Some children are with them and one of the women carries a little baby who wears a gauze turban.

A conjurer in robes of blue and white performs tricks by means of a lot of carved sticks and scarlet cloth. A fortune-teller takes the coins of the crowd and tells destinies in broken English.

And so the crowd goes surging up and down, shifting like the colors in a kaleidoscope.

But the shadows grow still longer. The Muezzin has called the hour of prayer. It is time to leave Egypt and go back to Chicago.

Angele Crippen.

MAGNOLIA.

THOU Grandiflora, lifting high
Symmetric branches 'gainst the sky,
Like a patrician in thy pride,
My window pane beside,
Magnolia !

Thy perfumed snow-white banners fling
Profuse and free the charms they bring,
And coral seed-cones scatter round
Their jewels on the ground,
Magnolia !

Thy polished leaf-whorls proudly wear
Each a perennial courtly air,
As if no wind nor tempest could
Debase thy gentry-hood,
Magnolia !

In gentle clime thou hold'st thy place
A miracle of stately grace,
'Mong leafless boughs first envoy seen
Of tropic evergreen,
Magnolia !

Mary H. Leonard.

STUDIO STORIES I.

MY TRAVELING COMPANION.

DURING the early part of last year I was in England, traveling about for amusement, going to small and almost unheard of places in order to keep, so far as possible, from the "beaten track."

It was in March, and, by the way, just such a night as this, the rain coming down in torrents, that I alighted, after a tedious coach journey at G——, in northern Blunkshire. There the stations are "few and far between" and the trains never on time. I imagine G—— has caused more grumbling and swearing than any other stopping place on the line, because another railway (I forget the name of it) runs past and the unreliability of trains on both routes makes scores of people miss their connections.

Carefully and correctly, as I thought, I had timed my stage journey to meet the 11:40 p. m., express, and, as the old vehicle rolled away, I noticed by the waiting-room clock that it lacked but twelve minutes of the time for departure, so I bought my ticket and waited.

Riding all day in the dust and through the rain at night is not apt to make one good-natured. I wanted to walk about and stretch my legs, but the rain confined me to the stuffy room where I tramped up and down, my heels resounding over the boards. But soon that grew monotonous so I crossed to the door. Everything was gloomy outside and I now remember how selfishly glad I was that nature seemed to look so miserable.

To my left the rain poured off the roof by the bucketful and splashed upon the platform. Over the doorway, and threatened each moment by the gusts of wind, hung a box-lamp that reflected on the wet steel tracks, and made blacker still the landscape beyond.

I stood there a while, musing, and it suddenly dawned upon me that I had been waiting an age for that train, and drawing out my watch I was dumfounded to see it was fully twenty minutes past scheduled time. The cars surely could not have gone by without my seeing them! (I knew nothing then about their uncertainty.) With a look at the large time-piece upon the wall to make sure my watch was not wrong, I hurried to the ticket-agent's office.

"How about the eleven-forty?" I asked, anxiously.

"Fifty minutes late, sir," answered he, closing the small window. And that was the last I saw of him.

The news made me about as furious as it is possible for a mild man to become. There in the station I would have to wait alone, the ticket-seller having, for some reason unknown to me, locked up and gone some moments ago.

As a matter of fact it was *one hour and ten minutes* before the distant scream of a whistle announced the approach of the only thing in the world I cared for then, my train. On it came, hurrying to make up for lost time.

After coming to a standstill then followed the usual bustle; yelling of guards, noise of baggage and slamming of doors. A solitary passenger left one of the first-class coaches, looked about him an instant then, mumbling to himself in provoked tones about something I could not quite hear, moved past me and was soon lost in the dark.

Standing beside the coach the man had just left, a guard held up his hand to me to signify a vacant compartment, as I gathered together my traps and took possession.

"Guard! Guard!" I cried, as he stalked away, "there is no light here!" and just then the wheels began their groaning and grinding and we were off.

"It is strange," thought I, "he did not notice the lamp was out." Raising the window I called again, but might as well have talked to the wind. No one came, so disgusted, wet and tired, I threw myself in a corner by the door and, getting in the most comfortable position I could, prepared for a nap, happy indeed, the lamp was not lighted. Cross as a bear and heap-ing curses upon the railway company I fell asleep.

It was too dark to know from my watch how long I laid there, but it was quite long enough for a host of terrible dreams to pass through my mind, and, after a series of fitful dozes, I awoke with a start, feeling that inexplicable sense of oppression when one is all but sure there is some one else or something else present and which can not be seen. I always had a dislike to the foreign custom of locking travelers in their compartments, but what was dislike compared with the sensation that then swept over me?

It was awful. Not being able to see my hand before my face and sure there was a person near.

I sat quiet, not knowing what to do and the minutes sped on.

At a turn in the road we shot past another train and by the momentary flash of the latter's light I saw, through the window to my left, lying in a heap, face downward upon the floor of my compartment, the body of a man!

The blood seemed to leave my body and surge with a rush to my brain.

My hands and forehead grew cold and clammy. Truly my hair stood on ends.

Striving to become more collected I asked myself what to fear from a dead body, and the reasoning gave me courage. Searching through my pockets for a match, I approached the figure huddled against the opposite door. With much difficulty I found one in the lining of my coat but, after all, I was doomed to remain in darkness. The match broke off as I rubbed it upon the woodwork of the seat.

With desperation I turned and knelt beside the body.

Passing my hand along I came in contact with a sticky moisture about the man's face and upon the carpet below. "Can his throat be cut?" I gasped, and in an instant there flashed across my brain the solitary traveler who passed me on the station platform at G——. He was well away, no doubt, and there I was with the victim he had murdered! I saw myself arrested, tried in a foreign court, my God! *convicted!*

The rumbling of the car wheels sounded in my ears like the roaring of a thousand demons.

My only hope was to summon the guard and strive to explain matters as best I might. Once again I stooped over the corpse, turned it over firmly but gently and as I did so a strong odor floated to my nose and thick voice asked:

"Wuzzer (hic) mazzer, eh?"

STUDIO STORIES II.

ROOM NUMBER 6.

I was a poor, struggling lawyer, and had been such for two or three years, and the placing in my hands of a case that promised, if successful, to yield no small remuneration gave me much surprise. Papers had been sent me setting forth the merits of the case and on one Thursday afternoon I was deep in them, reading, making notes and preparing some sort of a brief when the following telegram was brought to my door:

"Defendant now residing two miles from R——. Better see him at once. J. H. D."

Consulting my watch and the railroad time-tables I found by leaving that afternoon I would reach R—— at night and could drive over to the defendant's home in the morning. (The

early bird principle had always been a favorite of mine.) So I carefully locked away such papers as would not be needed and in half an hour was in the train.

The journey was such a one as on any way-train: a stop every ten minutes and a tired, office-looking set of passengers endeavoring to read their newspapers by the dim car lamps. Thus we rode along, the number of people about me steadily decreasing and at nine o'clock, when reaching the last stop before R—there were but four of us left.

The next few miles were passed over even more slowly than any of the others, I thought, and when my destination was called out by the brakeman I stepped down upon the platform alone. Never before having been in R— I had no idea where to go, and seeing no one of whom to inquire I walked off to find a hotel, if they boasted one, or an inn.

Where I went and how I got there is to this day a conundrum. There were no lights and no streets, just a multitude of sharp corners and mud everywhere. The two persons I finally met directed me differently, and after a long tramp I halted before the door of an old, three-story house, the largest I had seen, in front of which hung high above my head, an immense sign—a white horse, it looked like, on a black ground. It might have been a cow, but the darkness prevented my seeing and I was so tired and disgusted I did not care which; nevertheless, there it was, creaking in dismal notes as it swung in the night breeze.

Not a human being about and only the yellow light from one lower window to indicate habitation.

Without knocking I entered. The room, with its low, dingy ceiling, was small, and behind a dirty counter were arrayed numerous glasses in transparent pyramids, capped with lemons and folded napkins and flanked by suspicious-looking bottles. Evidently I was in the bar-room.

Above the wooden counter hung a lamp whose oily odor mingled with the smell of alcohol and stale tobacco smoke. Ranged around the room were several dilapidated chairs, some armless, some legless, one both, and fastened to the end of a box.

The place seemed to be deserted, so I closed the door rather loudly to bring any one who might be in the room beyond, but no one came. Approaching a step nearer I heard a long, heavy breathing, and crossing to the bar saw the host, barkeeper, servant, or whatever he might be, sound asleep in a chair, with his bare feet resting upon an empty keg. Not to startle him, I coughed gently, then a trifle louder, and in response his hands moved slightly. Then he turned and his eyes opened.

"What d'ye want to come wakin' folks at this hour o' night?" he demanded harshly, clearing his throat. "Can't y' see it's after twelve? What's yer licker?"

"I do not wish a drink, my friend," I answered mildly. "I would like a bed for the night."

"Oh!" and he smiled unpleasantly. "Thought yer wanted somethin'."

I could hardly blame the man for his inhospitality, because he appeared to me deserving of any sleep he might get. Taking out my case I offered a sop to Cerberus in the shape of a cigar, which was refused, so I lighted one and watched him fumble about in one of the drawers. He looked anything but prepossessing and I asked, carelessly as I could:

"Is there another hotel here?"

"No. Ain't yer satisfied with this un?" raising his head quickly and glaring at me.

"This will do," I answered in a tone which the moment after I thought must have sounded very meek, and he smiled again.

This made me not a trifle uncomfortable and anxious to get away.

"Perhaps he has been drinking," I said to myself, signing the dog-eared register. "But strangest host I ever met."

From a large bunch of keys the man took one off and handed it to me, together with a bit of candle he drew from his pocket.

"Room six. Three flights. Firs' door to yer right."

I stood amazed. Left in this decaying house to find my room as best I might! Well, I had waked the poor devil from a pleasant nap, so I lit my candle from the smoky lamp and started for number six, seeing the stairs through the doorway of the back room.

The house was old-fashioned with staircase going up by short flights with a long, wide landing between each floor, and up I stumbled, shading the candle with my hand.

As I reached the second floor I heard from a room down the passage to my left the noise of laughter and the clink of a glass, a silence and again the laughter. So the hotel was not vacant after all, and I wondered who in the world would lodge for any length of time in such a place. I was glad enough not to remain more than one night. Unconsciously I stopped for some moments and listened. It did me good to know there were fellow-creatures about. Chancing to look down, I saw on the flight but one below me, keeping close to the wall and well in the shadow, my disagreeable host, his naked feet making no sound upon the stairs. A second look revealed in his hand a stick or club of some kind. For an instant I was almost paralyzed. The

merriment in the room broke out afresh and thoughts of murderers, counterfeiters and thieves flocked to my brain.

And all this time the man was coming up—up. Had I angered him by coming? Was this a den? What did he want? my money? To be sure I had a moderate sum, but how did he know it? Then I remembered offering him my cigar-case in which I had placed some bills for want of space in my pocket-book. He had seen them.

I always heard of such murderers killing their victim while he slept, but here, no doubt, the assassin had scores at his command and feared no resistance. A cold perspiration came all over me. I was entirely unarmed and at the mercy of one who had to me proved himself to be a brute. I could not call upon those whose laughter I heard. Surely they were accomplices.

Nervously I grasped the hand-rail and pushed forward, keeping a careful eye upon the man below.

The shadow my hand cast on the wall by the wavering candle startled me as I turned at the landings, but my whole mind was concentrated upon the man who was following me. On I went and so did he, up the old stairway. To be struck down there on the cold, dark stairs and in such a place added tenfold to the horror of the case.

Here were to end all my hopes, all my ambitions. I had told no one of my journey and perhaps my body would never be found, but I would fight to the last and die with my boots on. I had little expectation of living. At last I gained the third floor. He was only a flight behind when, turning hastily, I noticed "6" upon the door to my right. I sprang to it and thank Heaven, it was unlocked. Rushing in, the candle dropping to the floor, sputtering and going out, I grasped the first object my hands encountered—a chair—and, swinging it above my head, awaited his coming. Scarcely had I attained the defensive when I heard from around the corner of the wall:

"There ain't no lock on th' door, so I brought this here stick for yer-to bar it with."

STUDIO STORIES III.

POINT BLANK.

I happened to be reading quite late one night in the old octagon library, not heeding the flight of time on account of an exceptionally interesting chapter of a book, and so absorbed was I that not until that chapter closed did I note the clock had

rung out half-past two in its familiar mournful chime. Carelessly, yet loth, I threw down the book, making an audible comment on my being a fool to read so, and started to lock up before retiring.

We lived, my brother and I—he at that time away on business—in a large ancient house in C—. A house recently come into our possession by the will of a batchelor uncle who, presumably, inherited it from another uncle and so on for years as the property indicated in both architecture and dilapidation. Consisting of a main building and two wings, in one of which we lived, it presented externally the appearance of a manor house of the past century, and internally one of a still previous cycle. The eight-sided library in which I sat was fitted up in dark, carved hardwood, relieved by immense cheval mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling. (Judging from their number throughout the house, vanity was evidently the animating spirit of my ancestors.)

Well to return, I arose, surveyed myself an instant in one of the glasses (perhaps I inherited vanity) and, after having securely locked the window, turned out the light. As I adjusted the fender and crossed to the wide stairs, which, by the way, had always struck me as having been oddly arranged—there being no hall in the wing—I drew from my pocket the pistol I invariably carried during my brother's absence as an extra precaution against burglars, with which C— seemed lately to be infested, and took a final glance at the cartridges. Glancing up I saw an object that froze the marrow in my bones.

By the single dim light above was reflected in the stair-mirror before me the top of a man's head, probably six or eight paces back of me!

Never shall I forget the shock of that moment. And I had just a while before been thinking of thieves and marauders. It was like the fulfillment of a revelation. All the burglaries in C—during the past month filed through my brain. Having no former trouble we had supposed our old abode to offer no inducement to thieves, but that figure behind me destroyed all supposition.

"These creatures," thought I, "very rarely travel alone. There must be another, possibly several, in hiding somewhere—but where?"

Knowing them to be desperate I dared not turn to look him in the face, and at the idea of a bullet crashing through my back the goose-flesh came out all over me; yet in the midst of my nervousness I half wished he would not go away without my—well, getting a shot at him (his not moving rather screwed up my courage.)

It was too uncertain a light to discern the clothes he wore, or even his face, but I remarked he had had the decency to remove his hat because I could see the short-cropped hair above his forehead: also was I able to tell if he stirred and that was a great point just then.

Carefully was my plan of action made. Feigning to examine my pistol, screened from him as it was by my body, I would get his exact position fixed in my mind then wheel suddenly and demand a surrender. (That it might be my brother arriving unexpectedly never entered my head.)

The first part of my strategy was terrible suspense to me, fearing each moment to be stunned by a blow from an accomplice or grasped by the arms from behind. But all was still as death.

I waited, then firmly closing my lips, turned quickly and, dimly seeing the intruder level his revolver at me, fired impulsively——shattering my own image in the finest mirror in the house.

George Buchanan Fife.





A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

THAT the composer of "The Knickerbockers" should be found sitting in judgment upon the composer of "Cavaleria Rusticana" is one of the amazing possibilities of this unsettled period.

Mr. DeKoven declares in a recent issue of the *New York Herald* that Mascagni has no originality; that he has appropriated an opera by Leoncavallo, called "I. Pagliaces," which he has been pleased to rechristen "Cavaleria Rusticana," and for this offense Mr. DeKoven holds him up to censure.

As the alleged source of Mascagni's inspiration has not been given in this country, the critic and accuser has it all his own way, but even in the event of Mascagni's failing to "establish an alibi," we must admit that he is at least a judge of music, and that when he sets out to commit a theft, he does both himself and the composer credit by choosing that which is of lasting value. So much can scarcely be advanced in favor of Mr. DeKoven, who is himself charged with being a past master in the art of appropriating other people's ideas. Even his best friends will hardly claim for him that in choosing from the field about him he has displayed the taste and the knowledge of music that would entitle him to rank with such an accomplished plagiarist as he would make of Mascagni withal. If Mr. DeKoven's musical discrimination were equal to the dauntless effrontery which he displays, what might we not anticipate in the direction of American comic opera!

Only those who have witnessed Mr. De Koven's own efforts, crowned as they are by the vapid monotony of "The Knickerbockers" can fully appreciate his attempt to shape public opinion according to the vagaries of his own fancy. What will not this country have to answer for in the day that she is called

upon to give account of her critics! When it is remembered that newspapers to a great extent mold public opinion; that in spite of the gibes that are flung at the newspaper critic his comments are taken up and reverberated, verbatim, by those who lack either the courage or the discrimination to form opinions for themselves, it seems little short of crime that the making of these opinions should be given over to the reckless and the irresponsible.

That a man who is openly accused of not being able to score his own music is permitted to sit in judgment upon work of recognized merit, upon work of any sort, for that matter, may be, to some extent, responsible for the fact that there is so little to be proud of in American opera.

AN OLD STORY WITH A NEW MORAL.

SOME interesting disclosures will probably result from the proposed series of articles in the *Century Magazine* dealing with the question of mechanics, unions and their influence upon the prospects and the development of American labor in this field.

The agitation of the question is certainly timely. In this moment of undue solicitude in regard to the emigration of the Mongolian element, it may not be amiss to turn our eyes in the opposite direction long enough to consider and decide whether we have not really more to fear from that tremendous influx from Europe to which we have opened wide our doors; that horde of uneducated and wholly irresponsible humanity, to whom we have been in such haste to extend the right of suffrage; to whom we are continually saying, "come up higher."

The results of the investigation begun by the *Century* are certainly of the utmost significance, if it be true as asserted, that one-fifth of the able-bodied male population of the country is engaged in mechanical business, and yet under the conditions imposed by foreign trades unions, "the American boy has no right which organized labor is bound to respect." One writer declares that the American boy "is denied instruction as an apprentice, and if he be taught his trade in a trade school, he is refused admission to nearly all the trades unions, and is boycotted if he attempts to work as a non-union man. The questions of his character and skill enter into the matter only to discriminate against him. All the trades unions of the country are controlled by foreigners who comprise the great majority of their members. While they refuse admission to the American

boy, they admit all foreign applicants with little or no regard for their training or their skill."

There is much more in the *Century* article to the same effect, all of which goes to show that while we have been watching with eyes of lynx the comparatively inoffensive Mongolian, we have allowed the aggressive and anarchistic European to come in and inherit the earth. His vote makes him a sovereign, and his unity of action makes him the most formidable factor in American politics to-day. If he knew his power he would be invincible, and it is scarcely probable that he will remain much longer in ignorance of it.

To the thoughtful person, watching the growth of large cities, and taking note especially of the dark and devious methods of municipal politics, it is painfully clear that the foreigner in his capacity of *vox Dei* is too much with us, and that the old story of the camel that begged so piteously to be allowed to put its head in the Emir's tent is being enacted over again.

What the foreigner wants first is an asylum. Fleeing from starvation, political persecution, obligatory service in the army, he comes seeking rest for the sole of his foot, the which having found, he proceeds to grow fat on the bounty of the land and the moment his sinews are sufficiently strengthened he turns, determined to wrest by might of united force all that has not been given him.

It is not alone in the field to which the *Century* has turned its attention that the spirit is manifested, but everywhere, where the foreigner has gained a foothold, and in nearly every case, as in the one under consideration, it will be found that organization rests upon a basis of incompetency, and lives by its power to give an artificial value to that which under legitimate conditions would be worthless.

It may at least be said in favor of the Chinese that they make good servants, which is not always true of the European, and they have not, so far, come to us demanding the earth and the fulness thereof.

NO VINDICATION.

SMARTING under the accusations of brutality and incendiarism which have been evoked by the summary judgment visited upon a negro in Texas, the editor of a Memphis newspaper has gone gunning among the dusty records of the year 1741 and bagged a fact which shows that New York City inaugurated the burning of negroes in that year of peace and mercy.

It is not very pleasant, of course, to be held up as an awful

example ; to go on year after year painting morals and illustrating, if not adorning, tales, and the meekest of us will turn under the process if it is continued long enough. The South has had a rather bitter experience in this respect for the last twenty-five or thirty years, and thus badgered, it is not to be wondered at that she should seek to retaliate, and occasionally mistake recrimination for vindication.

But when we have proved that some other man has done likewise we have not cleared our own skirts, and it seems hardly worth while to go to so much trouble to prove that the New Yorker of 1741 was just as much of a barbarian as the Texan of 1893.

We do not require specific instances to teach us that man was a barbarian before he was a gentleman and a Christian. We know that under the refinement and culture of the "gentleman and the scholar," beneath the tolerance of the Christian, lie the instincts of the primeval barbarian, and that we have only to scratch deep enough to find them. Take two of the most cultured and amiable gentlemen on the face of the earth, set them adrift on a raft in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and in the fulness of time one will eat the other if no relief comes. In moments of tremendous emotional stress or urgent necessity, it is always the barbarian who comes to the front. When life, possessions, home are threatened, when the affections are outraged, when a man's thirst for vengeance is fully aroused, the veneer of amiability with which he has covered the sturdy fiber of the savage, the flimsy conventions which set the pace for him in calmer moods, crack, shrivel, are rolled up as a scroll, and nothing remains to him but his sense of wrong and the fundamental instinct of self-preservation.

Man has done the best he could with the material he had to work upon, and if savagery, from being universal and habitual, has come to be only occasional and sporadic, surely this is matter for congratulation. It is more charitable to take the species at its best, than to dwell with unctuous relish upon its lapses ; and whether the "reversion to type" is manifested in New York or Texas, it is never well for the kettle to rise in clamorous condemnation of the pot.

FOR MISSIONARY WORK.

THE action taken by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church upon the case of Dr. C. A. Briggs is "profitable for instruction" in several ways.

Coming as it does in the moment when we are pluming

ourselves upon the broader tolerance of the nineteenth century, it is eminently calculated to inspire us with that modesty which is most becoming in a people, confessedly in a transition state. We fancy, and we are never weary of asserting, that the age of persecution is past. We are continually vaunting ourselves as a free people, yet almost every day something happens to show us that intolerance is not dead, but sleeping; that it is really none the less active upon occasion than formerly, the only difference being that its activity has been transferred from the realm of matter to that of mind, as a more commanding base of operations. A man may be entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but when it comes to the conscientious exercise of his faculties upon the matter which is, of all others, of the most vital importance to him, he holds his liberty only at the option of the majority. This obtains in spite of the fact that the majority is invariably wrong. As Agassiz says: "Truth always passes through three stages; first, people say that it conflicts with the Bible; second, they declare that it has been discovered before; they end by affirming that they have always believed it." Thus it has been since the days of Copernicus; thus it is to-day and always will be, and those who are able to face the situation and make the best of it are those to whom the world must look for a practical solution of its problems.

In this hour, when the Bible itself is on trial before the General Assembly; when that august body is not fully satisfied in its own mind as to the "verbal inspiration" of the "original autographs" it seems premature to excommunicate the first scholar of the church for joining in the inquiry and stating the results of his investigation. The action will doubtless be fraught with some unpleasant consequences to the man who had the courage to stand for his convictions against his interests, but the example can not be lost, nor the labor vain.

Not the least promising outcome of the affair is the attitude taken by the liberal wing of the church, which has been beaten in the fight. Their reasoning is sage, and their position is in the highest degree commendable.

"There will be no split in the Presbyterian church in New York," says a prominent supporter of Dr. Briggs. "Liberals generally are of the opinion that it will be much better to stay in the church and strive to advance the views inside the fold, than it would be to leave, thereby weakening the old organization, and form a new one which would be anything but strong."

Certainly it is within the lump that the leaven is needed, rather than outside. The same position was taken by Mrs. Clara Hoffman, of Missouri, who made one of the keenest and

most forcible of the speeches upon the advancement of women heard during the recent Congress of Representative Women. She declared that the reason the progress of women in every field of thought and labor has been so slow was that they had been under the dominion of the churches and that they had allowed their pastors to do their thinking for them, and to whip them into line with that much abused quotation from Corinthians: "Let your women keep silence in the churches." She went on to show that Paul was merely quoting the Corinthian law when he gave utterance to this lash of the dogmatist, and that he was writing for his own day and time. The women, she said, had been kept under, not by the teachings of Christ, but by the traditions of men. Yet she did not advocate leaving the church. She thought the best place for an earnest, thoughtful, conscientious woman was in the church. She knew of "no field like it for missionary work."

Hitherto the liberal-minded and thoughtful people, impatient under the dogmatism and the tyranny of creed, have allowed themselves to be driven from the churches into the congregation of free thinkers, where they may find rest for their souls, but do not find so wide a field of usefulness as in the church, which, without them narrows steadily to a state of insupportable bigotry.

If the salt has lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is, therefore, a hopeful sign of the times that these good Presbyterian brethren are willing to "bide a wee," and leaven with the spirit of true Christianity the lump of doctrine which has become as a millstone around the neck of the church.





WHAT SHALL I WEAR ?

Without intending to be humorous, Mr. Ward McAllister has recently said a very funny thing. His remark runs as follows :

“ Women should adopt the fashion of wearing hoops in order to conceal the fact of their bipedity.”

Evidently our great master of ceremonies is of the same opinion as the old Spanish minister. A stocking manufacturer sent some of his wares as a present to the Queen of Spain, and the Minister returned them with the message : “ The Queen of Spain has no legs.”

The modern dress reformers do not seem to be of the same mind of Mr. McAllister, because the garments designed and worn by some of them quite reveal the fact that women have pedal extremities. At present the head center of dress-reform is Boston. The young artist, Miss Lama Lee, of that city, has designed two costumes for her own use. One of them she calls her “ ideal ” and it is worn in her studio and as an at-home garb generally. It consists of trousers that come to her knees, and a tunic coat that reaches half way between the knee and ankle. A frilled shirt, and voluminous sash, tied in a soft, large bow, completes the costume. The young woman confesses to the fact that people stare at her on the street, but not much more than they gaze at other women who are dressed in the conventional garb of the day, and so she affects not to notice she is attracting attention and quietly pursues her way.

Miss Brown, another Boston woman, has had designed a bicycle suit that resembles Miss Lee's street costume, and so has Mrs. B. F. Flower of the same city.

At the late Congress of Women at Chicago there was quite a good deal of time given to the discussion of the question of dress, and the general opinion seemed to be that there should

be more freedom and comfort given woman in her wearing apparel. There are so many of the present day that are professional and business women who desire the privilege of wearing clothes that are suitable for their vocations. Somebody has wittily said that the inequality of the sexes begun with the difference in the number of the pockets.

Between the two fires of conservatism and extreme radicalism the every-day, average woman has a hard time. She wishes to wear comfortable and beautiful garments but does not want to make herself a spectacle for the amusement of street gamins. Mrs. Lucy Stone has recently written a paper giving an account of her wearing the Bloomer costume years ago. She tells how she was mobbed on the streets and almost met with bodily injury at the hands of rough men and boys.

Such treatment of a woman nowadays would be quite impossible. She can wear what she chooses without fear of anything more severe than ridicule which is harmless, though necessarily unpleasant.

Those who are interested in the would-be reform affirm that they are in no sense faddists, but are thoughtful and far-visioned. They claim that trailing skirts, corsets and the like handicap woman and prevent her doing her best work as long as she is encumbered by them.

The three styles of reform garments that are now given to the public for inspection are the Syrian, the English divided skirt designed by Lady Haberton and the American gymnasium suit. The Syrian has a divided skirt that is gathered around each leg and then allowed to bag over. It resembles in a measure some of the Oriental costumes and is really the most picturesque in the lot. The English costume has the skirt divided above the knees and then has gores inserted in the inside seams to create the required fullness. The American costume is similar, but rather prettier.

Whether this mode of dressing will be adopted or not remains to be seen. Madam d'Epigny made a remark that has become famous, viz: "The profession of women is very hard." And if anything can make it easier it certainly should be welcomed.

One of the first questions that will be asked by a woman concerning any mode is:

"Is it pretty?" It is sometimes forgotten that beauty is a relative term. One of the rules laid down by Ruskin is that

adaptability or utility is the first law of beauty in costume. For instance: A robe that has a gauze-like texture is lovely in a ball-room in the evening, but would be very ugly for a gown intended for promenade. Another unwritten law is that dress is only beautiful when suited to the circumstances of the wearer, as well as the occasion. It is difficult to preserve these laws unbroken, in a land where women are free to follow their own taste or inclination. Fabrics and textures possess a beauty quite their own irrespective of their relation to any time or circumstance. The foam of lace, the shine of jewels, the rustle and shimmer of silk possess a beauty like that of a picture or a statue. And they have an added value, too, because of the possibility of making them a part of one's own personality, in this way differing from mere art treasures. There are women, however, who admire these things independently, women who make collections of laces, gems and other feminine accessories, simply for the pleasure of possessing them. They love to take their treasures from out of their hiding places in chests and drawers, and handle them and look at them with the eye of a connoisseur as a collector of coins loves to examine his treasures.

Usually such women possess more acquisitiveness than vanity—though is love of personal adornment, vanity? There is certainly a difference between love of approbation, or a liking for beautiful things, and a desire to appropriate admiration simply for the purpose of ministering to a selfish egotism. There have been other women beside Marie Bashkertseff who desire to look well even when no one will see them. A woman who has done very creditable literary work confidentially tells of her habit of keeping some rose-hued silken garments in her apartment to array herself for her own delectation. She says she closes her door to everybody and puts them on simply for the pleasure they give her.

"When I look in my mirror and see myself in them, I am made happy by noting the added loveliness they give me. But I never care to have other people see me in them," she adds.

Men are not always above this love of personal adornment. A grim old stock broker in New York City professed to despise every article of men's dress that could be termed luxurious. He died very suddenly and in looking over his personal effects afterwards, it was found that he possessed an almost unlimited number of bright colored silk stockings and of most beautiful embroidered silken dressing gowns. His valet said he delighted to wear these articles in the privacy of his own apartment but would not, for any consideration, have been seen in them.

Love of color is a natural instinct and has been cultivated and developed as much as the ear has been for tone. The multitudinous variety of hues that moderns have is the result of experiment in color combinations. Until the days of Apelles the Greeks knew only four colors—red, white, yellow and black. Nowadays color is used as an educator, and as a remedial agent. It has been found that violently insane persons can be quieted by placing them in apartments furnished in blue or violet, and cases of melancholia have been cured by surrounding the patients with hangings and furnishings of scarlet. It has also been ascertained that some feeble-minded children can have memory and perception quickened under the influence of particular colors.

Black is a depressing color. Physicians have found that wearing mourning produces nervous disorders. It is also open to the objection of not being universally becoming. A prominent society woman in New York City, who was no longer young, was asked why she never wore black.

"To tell you the truth," she replied, "I am too old. I can not afford to wear a color that accentuates every line and angle. Only the young ought to wear black. This, of course, does not apply to velvet, fur or lace. But otherwise it should not be worn by a *passee* woman, unless most skillfully treated by a modiste, or combined with some other color. Some very good people have an idea that color is immoral. They fancy that sombre-hued garments denote extreme piety, and the more ugly a costume is, the more forcibly it express saintliness. It is unfortunate that such an idea was ever countenanced. The Creator loves color, or he would never have created it. The minutest flower, the most insignificant insect, is a study in color. Take up a shell on the sea-shore, and note the marvelously beautiful hues that rival the exquisite tints of a flower petal. Watch the coloring of the sky, that is susceptible of all changes from the violet of twilight and the soft silver-gray of a winter landscape, to the splendid intermingling of rose, purple and gold that burn in the sunset clouds.

Not love color? Why, it is the symbol of joyousness. It is the expression of life. Look at the use the Jews made of it in their ceremonials. Read the Biblical accounts of the gold, the silver, the purple and scarlet. And did not Jesus himself call attention to the beauty of the lilies of the field? Travelers tell us that these Eastern lilies glow with tawny golden tints that deepen almost into scarlet. And our Savior saw them and loved them, and had no word of condemnation of his Father's handiwork.

But there is a moral question involved in the wearing of clothes. A woman has no right to wear garments that prevent her usefulness in any line. And it is a monstrous crime before God and man for her to assume a mode of dress that will injure her child. A physician has lately printed a statistical account of the idiots in the country, and declares a certain per cent. of this idiocy was caused by the tight lacing of their mothers before they were born. Comments are unnecessary on such a statement as this.

Another grievous wrong that women commit is the wearing of things that hurts somebody else. It is unfortunate that every woman who wears the head or the body of a murdered bird on her hat could not be made sensible of the cruelty of adornments that have caused pain and loss of life to God's innocent creatures. In some places in Florida certain kinds of birds have almost become extinct because of their ruthless destruction in order that women might be decked in their plumage. An old hunter at Palm Beach in Florida gave the writer a description of a trip and its results made by some men sent down to the Everglades to obtain feathers for an Eastern millinery firm.

"Why, it was the most barbarous thing I ever dreamed of," he exclaimed. "Those men caught every feathered thing they could lay their hands on and did not spare even the mother bird upon her nest. The screams of the young left to starve was dreadful. And I came upon some of the old birds only half killed before being despoiled, and the pain and agony that was in their glazed eyes is indescribable."

There are other wrongs that women inflict beside those done to helpless birds. There is not time now to touch upon the clothing made by poor sewing women where every stitch means almost a drop of blood. But be sure none of these things pass unheeded. The law of God works slowly, but it causes things to come to pass in time.

If you make others suffer, so shall this suffering return to you. It is useless to plead ignorance of facts. The law works just the same. Find out the facts. They are written so plainly that he who runs may read.

Then be careful not to hurt God's little ones, if you do not want to suffer the penalty.

Angele Crippen.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Mr. William Winter, the well-known dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*, is bringing out a series of volumes concerning the players of a preceding and the present day. These papers are rather in the form of essays than criticisms, and are founded on articles written by him for the press at various times. He has one volume already issued on Edwin Booth: But the present one takes up Ristori, Coquelin, Irving, Barrett, Ada Rehan, Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt. Among the well known actors, there are other players treated of that are but names to the theater-goers of to-day. But that does not make them the less interesting to read about.

Of Ada Rehan, Mr. Winter has only pleasant things to say. He declares her to be the "most woman-like of all women," and he considers her love-making perfect. But Bernhardt comes in for severe criticism from the writer. In speaking of her *Cleopatra*, he says: "An experienced actress representing with absolute fidelity a modern French coquette, bedizened to look something that is supposed to be Egyptian."

Some of the newspapers have taken issue with Mr. Winter right here. It is claimed that no living actress of the day could personate Sardou's *Cleopatra* but Bernhardt.

Whether it is worth while to give a representation of such a character at all is another question. Mr. Winter himself characterizes the play as "effrontery and depravity sprinkled over with gewgaws" and declares that it shows woman at her worst. He affirms that the part has not "one fiber of nobility to exalt it, or one touch of poetry to beautify it, or one thrill of heroism to redeem it."

"LES ROMANCIERS FRANCAIS" is the name of an organization recently created in Paris, with the object of protecting the rights of writers of fiction. Already over a hundred of the prominent novelists of France have enrolled themselves as members. The Romanciers is very similar in its purposes and aims to Walter Besant's society of English authors.

"THE UNITED STATES, WITH AN EXCURSION INTO MEXICO," is a hand-book by the famous Karl Baedeker. The book contains a great quantity of information concerning the climate, customs, hotels, railways and routes in the United States, and was introduced to the American reading public by Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is claimed that no demand for a book of this kind was ever made till the present time. The supposition is that no intelligent European travelers ever wished, till now, to come to America; or if they did, it was merely to view curiosities, for Americans were supposed to come in that category.

"WHITTIER WITH THE CHILDREN" is a most charming little book written by Margaret Sidney and published by D. Lathrop, of Boston. It is attractively bound in silver and gray, and contains illustrations of the home and the pets of Whittier. Miss Sidney was a long-time friend of the poet, and what she has to tell is not fiction, but real narrative.

"THE POET AND THE MAN," by Francis H. Underwood, is a biographical sketch of James Russell Lowell. The author was associated with Lowell on the *Atlantic Monthly*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Mr. Underwood is quite critical in his discussion of the poet. In fact, he almost raises the doubt as to whether Lowell was really a poet. But he says: "He has marvelous common sense, like Ben Franklin or Socrates. His face shows this as clearly as his writing and his conversation. Never was a man more solidly planted on the basis of the understanding."

The volume is published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston.

Harper and Brothers are to issue six volumes called "The Distaff Series." The authors and the editors are women. The cover was designed by a woman, and all the mechanical work was performed by women. The first two of these books will soon appear. One of them is "The Higher Education of Women," by Anna Brackett, and the other work "The Literature of Philanthropy," by Frances A. Goodale. The books were compiled under the supervision of Mrs. Frederick Bellamy, and are to be a part of the exhibit at the World's Fair in the Woman's Building.

"A COUNTRY DOCTOR," by Sarah Orne Jewett, was published about ten years ago and now re-appears in a new dress. It is a most delightful story and has been termed a "New England Classic" by a well-known Eastern writer.

"THE CHURCH IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE," by William Ramsey, A. M., and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is a most valuable contribution to historical literature. He has taken the books of the New Testament and dealt with them simply as authorities for history and has estimated their credibility in the same manner as that of any other historical work. To quote his exact words, "As I came to understand Roman history better, I have realized that in almost all the books of the New Testament it is as gross an outrage on criticism to hold them as second century forgeries as it would be to class the works of Horace and Virgil as forgeries of the time of Nero."

The second part of the work gives an account of the attitude of Rome and its Emperors towards the church, and also contains some chapters on church government.

Quite a timely work is "A Brief History of Panics and Their Periodical Occurrence in the United States." The work was written by Clement Gullar, of the French Institute.

Rudyard Kipling's latest book, "MANY MOUNTAINS," is the most satisfactory collection of stories he has yet given the public. This writer has been a kind of sky-rocket. At first everybody was delighted with him. He shot across the zenith a brilliant spectacle for men below him to admire. There could not be enough said concerning his originality and the excellence of his methods. Then came a change. After all, he was not very much. He was *bizarre*; he owed his reputation to the freshness of his material and it became a favorite pastime in certain quarters to ask if he was really literary.

This new book bears the impress of careful handling. It has no "padding" and contains some of his best sketches. Mr. Kipling will always be remembered as the creator of the "Soldiers Three," personages who have become realities in the world of fiction. Two of his best stories that have been published before, viz: "THE FINEST STORY IN THE WORLD" and "MY LORD, THE ELEPHANT," re-appear in this book.

A. C.

FETTER'S ADVERTISERS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Ladies whose husbands are addicted to the use of tobacco will do well to call their attention to the advertising of The Sterling Remedy Company in our pages. *No-To-Bac* will make them cleanly and godly.

A PUN OF PORTER'S.—And here is a conundrum for which Horace Porter must stand sponsor: "Why is a live German like a dead one?" "Because he lays in bier."

The Bicycle craze is raging, and the Oxford Manufacturing Company are in the field with a strictly first-class machine at low cost. Consult their advertisement on another page, and write them for particulars.

CHOLLY (to Irishman ringing fog bell at the ferry landing).—"Aw—my man, why is this bell ringing?" Irishman.—"Can't you see, you phool. It's becace Oi'm pullin' th' r-r-ropel"

DIDN'T NEED IT.—Old Gentleman (from head of stairs).—"My daughter, I think Mr. Tarrylate and you have burned enough gas for one night. "Mr. Tarrylate.—"All right sir; I'll turn it out."

A CRITICAL CONDITION.—"I hear your husband is very sick, Aunt Dinah." "Yes'm." "Nothing serious, I hope. His condition is not critical?" "Critical! I should say he wus. He ain't satisfied with nuffin."

SINKING RAPIDLY.—Robinson.—"Hello, Smith! Glad to see you back. How did you leave Jones?" Smith.—"Poor fellow! The last time I saw him he was sinking rapidly." Robinson.—"Indeed! What was the matter with him?" Smith.—"He fell overboard from the steamer."

WHICH WAS THE SWEETEST.—Young Man.—"I want to ask you a question." Widower.—"All right; ask away." Y. M.—"You have been married three times; tell me which wife did you love most?" W.—"You bite three sour apples, tone after the other, and then tell me which is the sweetest."

THE OXFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Chicago, is the cheapest place in the world to buy a baby carriage or bicycle. Write for their catalogue and mention this magazine.

THE NEW YORK STORE, Louisville, Kentucky, is the largest dry goods establishment in the South. Their facilities for mail orders are perfect; write for samples and catalogue.

PITKINS & BROOKS.—A visit to Chicago to see the World's Fair is both entertaining and instructive, but you will make a great mistake if you do not visit some of the mammoth mercantile establishments of this greatest city of modern times. Pitkins & Brooks, a firm celebrated all over the world for their artistic collection of china and bric-a-brac, invite you to visit their store.

BUTTERMILK SOAP, advertised elsewhere in this publication, is a great favorite with ladies. If you can not buy it from your local dealer write to the Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Company, Chicago.

VIRGINIA HOTEL, Chicago, is one of the finest hotels in the great World's Fair city. The name is enough to endear it to Southern visitors.

A BEASTLY PUN.—"If you go to the menagerie and talk with the animals, be sure not to tell the lion the days of the week wrongly," said a father to his children, when they asked his permission to visit the beasts in Central Park. "Why not, papa?" asked the young ones, with big eyes. "Because there is no day of the week you asked to tell a lie on."

A World's Fair Guide and Chicago Directory may be obtained free of cost by application to the James H. Walker Company, dry goods, as may be seen by reference to their advertisement.

The publishers take pleasure in recommending the Southern Hotel to all visitors to the World's Fair. This hotel caters specially to the Southern people, and will make the low rate of \$2.50 per day during the Fair. The appointments are elegant; marble stairways, delightful corridors, and an elevator absolutely fireproof. See their advertisement in this magazine.

"Whoso loveth a good business loveth advertising, but he that despiseth fame is an ass.

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